The Hourglass



1958

SALLY

Dear Sal,
Have a great
at college and
stay dreaming
become. Love
Annie
Sandy
Ireland
x

Dear Sal,
I want you to know I really had a great time being on the Ed Cross committee this year. I hope I can do it again. Good luck in future years.
Cynthia Johnson

Hi Sally, Good luck and the college and the coming years. When you are climbing in the ladder to success don't let the boys look up your dress
Lots of luck in college
Love + Luck
Kristen
Helena xxx

Dear Sally,
Everyone is going to miss you next year but I'm sure you'll have a blast. You were terrific in the French play it was so funny. Have fun at Wheaton. Love n' stuff, Debbie Wiese

Dear Sal,
We're going to miss you next year - HA! HA! I know you'll have a wonderful time at college.
It's been really great getting to know you through Seniors and Mariners - will you ever forget?!
Have fun this summer -
Love,
Sue

Dear Sally,
This has been a great year and I think you will have a fun time at college next year.
Peggy Ann

Dear Sal,
Have a good summer!
Love,
Sandy

Dear Sal,
Have a fantastic summer before you go off to Wheaton (ick?!)
Love, Cindy

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The 1958 Hourglass

THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL

Rochester, New York

Alma Mater

Spirit of Columbia,
Speak to us we pray;
Fill our hearts with highest thought;
Guide us every day.

Give to us a great desire,
Eagerness for truth,
Duty, work, simplicity,
Essence of fine youth.

Carry on with character—
That will be the test.
Down the years Columbia
Always seeks the best.

Spirit of Columbia,
Inspiration fine,
Grant us quality of thought,
Alma Mater mine.









Foreword...

The 1958 HOURGLASS is designed to show the spirit of the many phases of school life from Nursery School through the most recent Alumnae group. Mr. Pomp, the miniature black poodle whom the student body gave to Mrs. Simpson last spring and whom she so graciously shares, appears throughout the book as he appears throughout Columbia. The "Spirit of Columbia," about which we sing in our Alma Mater, is reflected in the happy face of each student and faculty member as they greet him each morning. Full of fun, yet dignified and serious as he goes about his business, he has shown all of us that to love means to be loved; and in his quiet way symbolizes the unity of Columbia.



MRS. DELLA E. SIMPSON
Headmistress

MISS NELL S. SKILLIN
Associate Headmistress

Administration

In the twenty-two years that Mrs. Simpson and Miss Skillin have been at the Columbia School, they have brought much more to each girl than can ever be put into words. That Columbia graduates go on to take responsibility in college and civic communities so admirably must be a satisfaction to them, and also a source of the energy that enables them to show the same interest and heart felt understanding of each person entrusted to them. Teachers, counselors, friends—they have influenced countless lives by their kind and intelligent advice.

MRS. DELLA SIMPSON, M.A., University of Chicago—Headmistress

MISS NELL S. SKILLIN, M. Ed., Boston University—Associate Headmistress, Science

MISS ROSALIE BROWN, B.S., Ed., Bouve-Boston School at Tufts University—Physical Education

MRS. JEAN CAMPBELL, B.S., University of Rochester—English, Grade 5

MISS ADA CARPENTER, A.B., Smith College—Mathematics, Tutoring

MISS SARAH CLARKE, A.A., Marjorie Webster Jr. College—Nursery School Assistant

MRS. ANNE FETT, A.B., Ohio State University—Grade 3

MRS. KATHERINE DANFORTH FISHER, A.B., Oberlin College—Music Appreciation

MISS ANNE FITCH, A.B., Smith College—Social Studies, English, French

MR. THEODORE HOLLENBACH, B.S., Houghton College—Choral Music

MRS. KATHRYN JENSEN, B.S. Lib. Sc., Western Reserve University—Librarian

MRS. ZELDA JOHNSON, B.S., Syracuse University—Dietitian

MISS MAISIE LITTLEFIELD, B.S., University of Rochester—Nursery School

MR. ALFRED MELENBACKER, JR., A.B., Syracuse School of Fine Arts—Art

MRS. BARBARA MERRIMAN, A.B., Macalester College—Grade 4

MISS HELEN MONROE, M. Ed., Boston University—Primary School

MISS CATHERINE NEVIUS, M.A., Columbia University—Social Studies

MRS. LAURA PLASS, Diploma in Teaching, Auburn City Normal School—Mathematics, Grade 6

MISS JEAN ROBB, B.S., Edinburgh University—Science, Mathematics

MISS VIRGINIA ROBERTS, M.A., Denison University—Mathematics

MRS. MARGARET SCHMITT, A.B., Bucknell University—English, Latin, Social Studies

MRS. RUTH STARR, B.S., in Ed., Millersville State Teachers College—Primary School

MRS. MARGUERITE TREMAN, Certificate, Institution de Segur—French

MISS JOAN TWADDLE, M.A., Wellesley College—Latin, English

MISS OLGA VUAGNIAUX, Diploma, Pedagogique et Un Universitaire, Gymnase des Jeunes Filles de la Ville de Lausanne—French

MRS. MARTHA WARD, B.S., University of Georgia—Science, Mathematics

MISS CAROLYN WESTON, M.A., Columbia Teachers College—Kindergarten

MISS RUTH WHITNEY, A.B., Middlebury College—English

MRS. RUTH JAGER—School Nurse

MRS. HELEN LOTE, Pupil, Dalcarore School—Modern Dance

MISS ELIZABETH STUBBS, M.A., Columbia University—Secretary

MRS. RUTH WILLEY—Secretary



LOWER SCHOOL FACULTY — Seated: Miss Monroe, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Littlefield. Standing: Miss Weston, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Starr.



MIDDLE SCHOOL FACULTY — Seated: Mrs. Merriman, Mr. Pomp. Standing: Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Plass, Mrs. Treman, Mrs. Fett, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Jager, Mrs. Fisher.

& Faculty



UPPER SCHOOL FACULTY — Seated: Mrs. Ward, Mlle. Vuagniaux, Miss Skillin, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Treman, Miss Stubbs. Standing: Miss Roberts, Miss Whitney, Miss Fitch, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Schmitt, Miss Brown, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Jager, Miss Twaddle, Mrs. Willey, Miss Robb, Miss Nevius.







1957 *Calendar of Events* 1958

SEPTEMBER

13 Student Council holds caucus
14 New girls welcomed at Student Council Tea
16 67th year—All aboard! !



OCTOBER

9 Purple and Polka dot teams appear at Field Day
17 Soccer game ends in a tie Algerian cannibals boil Mamzelle
21 Columbia pond pounded into parkway
25 Parlows entertain seniors and faculty
30 Taylor-made blouse has glorious end
31 Initiation Day: Senior bears are victorious

NOVEMBER

18 First Harley Play Day is a success
26 Faculty presents seniors with senior emblems
27 "Over the river and through the woods . . ."

DECEMBER

11 Seniors invade City Club
16 Scrooge and chorus ring in Christmas season



17 Joyeuse jour de naissance, Monsieur Pomp
19 "We could have danced all night."
24 Columbia girls serenade shut-ins

JANUARY

6 "The party's over"
11 S.A.T.'s . . . Sorry About Today



13 Parents witness Student Council meeting
21 Dark cloud over Columbia
23 Ski-bound for Lake Placid
30 Columbia tours Africa - via movieland
31 Grade seven brings Mayflower 2nd to Columbia

FEBRUARY

3 Heavenly strains from basket-



ball court, as Civic Orchestra visits
4 Snow bound
7 Ears over shoulders and thumbs tucked in
10 Second play day with Harley
12 Fathers and daughters dine out

MARCH

15 Dreaded day dawns on dreary seniors
21 A much needed rest arrives

APRIL

7 Back to work

MAY

3 "At the hop"
16 Strawberry breakfast big success. D-Day for Seniors
17 Juniors face the Boards

JUNE

2 Final Exams
6 "Seventeen down—many more to go."

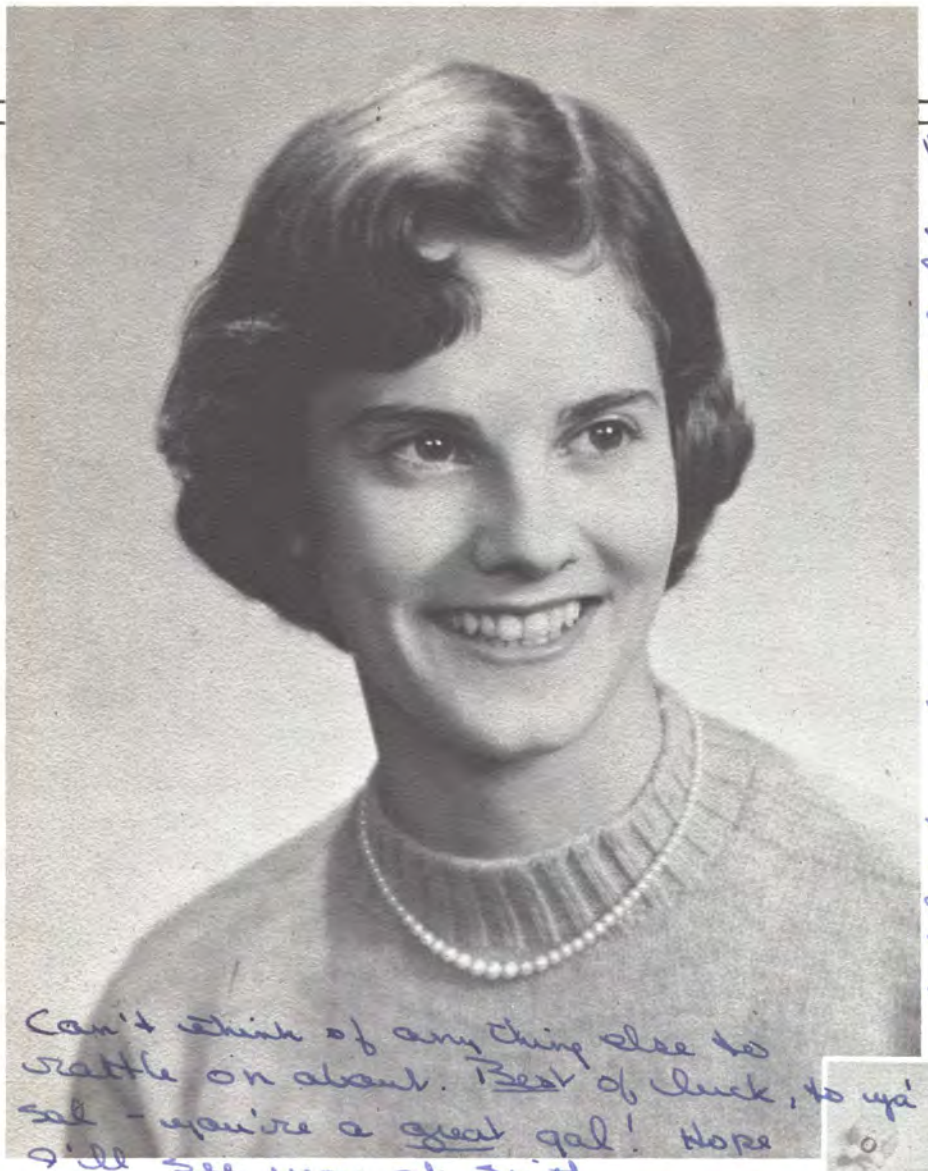




SENIORS

Contents of This Section

SENIOR ALBUM



Can't think of anything else to rattle on about. Best of luck, to ya' sal - you're a great gal! Hope I'll see you at Smith. Bewild Tigger

MARGARET KING CROFTON

291 Newcastle Road

As President of Student Government, Peggy is admired by all for her ability to deal with any problem that arises. She has done excellent scholastic work at Columbia, even winning recognition from such far away places as Syracuse! The Senior with the Princeton scarf and "Big Brother" is often seen taking us "chilluns" in her little car back and forth from Canandaigua. Tigger, who is loved by all, has helped immeasurably to make the sixty-seventh year of Columbia School a memorable one.

Hi there, Knucal'. What a wild old year this has been. Rather doubt if the class of '58 will be forgotten soon! Congratulations on the

Study Hall Committee 1, 3; Student Council 1; Secretary-Treasurer of Class 1; Christmas Play 2; Glee Club 2, 4; Operetta 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3; Junior Red Cross 2; Literary Editor of **Hourglass** 3; Chairman May Breakfast 3; Chairman Finance Committee Spring Fling 3; President, Student Council 4; Blue Team. Five years at Columbia.

wonderful job you have done on Social Service!

Hansel will never be the same after French IV, Jacquinot, Sa Jaime, Bastlevet, etc. What actresses we all are.



The long awaited summer vacation had come and gone, and it was September, 1957, a date we had long associated with the distant fu-



Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Forum 2; Student Council 3, 4; Co-Chairman of Food Committee, May Breakfast 2; President, Athletic Association 4; Chairman of Food Committee, Spring Fling 3; Chairman of Food Committee, Christmas Dance 4; Art Staff of **Hourglass** 3; Chairman of Set, Christmas Play 4; Co-Chairman of Properties, Christmas Play 2; Entertainment Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 4; Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Blue Team. Three Years at Columbia.

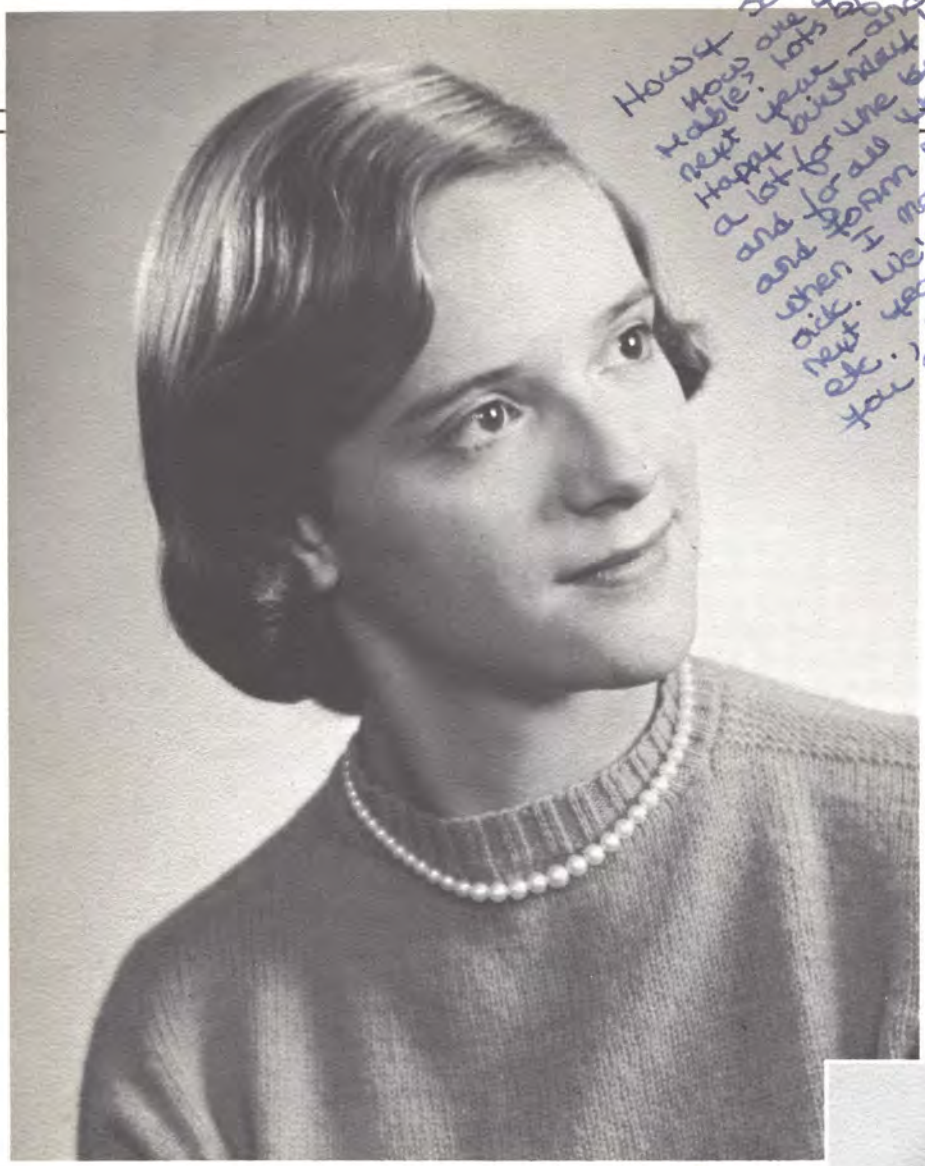


CAROL MAYFIELD DWYER

50 Suburba Ave.

There are just two places to look for Stritch—one is in her red and white Metropolitan, and the other is any near-by kitchen. Her ready wit makes her welcome at any gathering where she sees to it that dull moments never occur. She is equally valuable in serious situations, whether it is serving as Head of the Athletic Association or speaking in Assembly. With her curly brown hair, she can laugh and tell us that "Permanents are for the birds," since we know that they are for birds other than the Ostrich, from which she gets her name.

ture. As we entered the doors of Columbia to begin another year, we rejoiced that Mr. Pomp had completed his tour of the neighborhood in



Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Christmas Play 2, 4; Business Staff **Hourglass** 1, 2, 3; Class Secretary-Treasurer 4; Keeper Pupils Activities Book 4; Study Hall Committee 4; Welcoming Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Spring Fling Food Committee 3; Senior Board **Hourglass** 4; Chairman Fortune Booth Bazaar 2; Financial Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 4; White Team. Seven years at Columbia.

JANE STANDISH FAVOUR

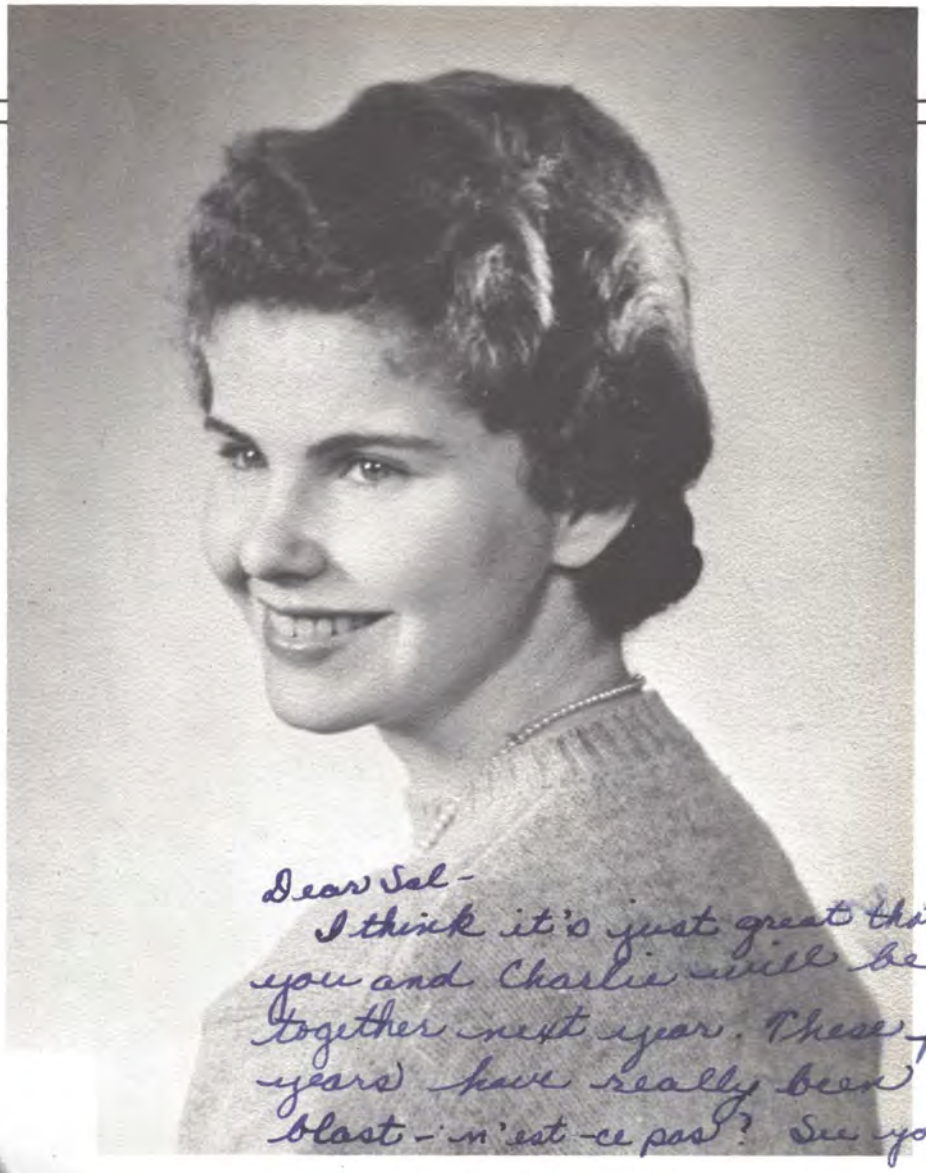
337 Kimberly Drive



Jane, our own Mr. Peepers, is many things to many people. Her ability on the stage enabled her to take the part of Ben Franklin in history class and of Ebeneezer Scrooge in the Christmas play, and to be just herself in Room 17. Janie and the 8:33 bell come at the same time every morning which, as Mademoiselle phrases it, is "All in your favor, Favour." She has the unenviable distinction of being the only Senior to survive running over a sheriff on his way to a fire.

time to help us re-open school; while we accepted as a matter of simple mathematics that seventeen of us were housed in Room 17 with Mam-

Music Committee 2; Literary Staff **Hourglass** 2, 3; Forum 2; Operetta 2; Assemblies Committee 3; Class President 3; Chairman of Orchestra Committee, Spring Fling 3; Chairman of Music Committee 4; Senior Editor **Hourglass** 4; Glee Club 2; Entertainment Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Novelties Committee Bazaar 2; Food Committee, May Breakfast 2; White Team. Three years at Columbia.





LILLIAN ESTHER GREENBERG

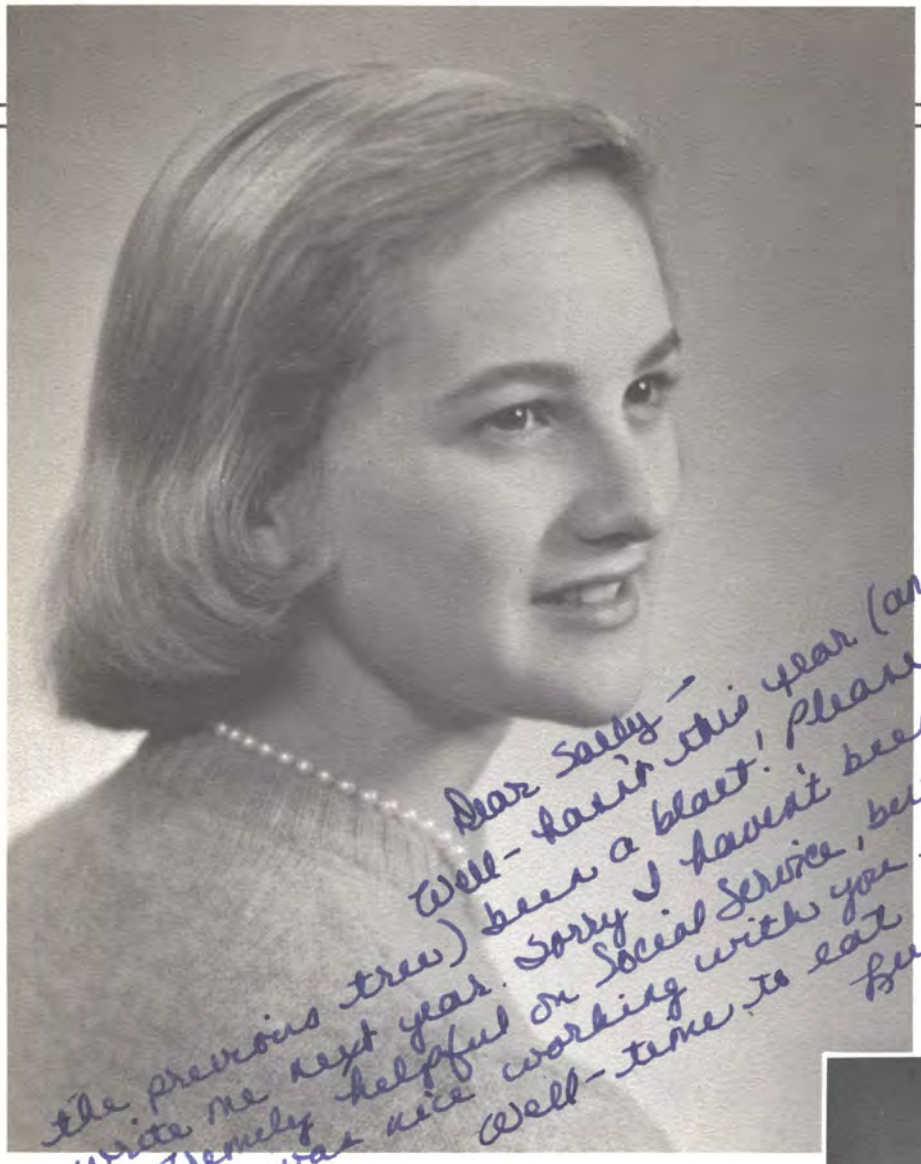
1718 Hamilton Place, Steubenville, Ohio

Love, Lil

Lil, our versatile individual, has brought much to the class in music. A talented violinist, she is a special student at the Eastman School as well as a full-fledged member of Columbia. Quietly and efficiently, she has served as Chairman of the Music Committee and Senior Editor of The HOURGLASS.

"Who, me?" This favorite expression of our Lilypad's has had great influence in getting her out of many otherwise difficult situations.

selle. We realized for a moment that we were Seniors, and then our minds wandered to the past and all that had gone before this time.



Dear Sally –
Well – hasn't this year (and the previous two) been a blast! Please write me next year. Sorry I haven't been extremely helpful on Social Service, but it was nice working with you. Well – time to eat.
Bye for ya,
Linda

Social Service Committee 1, 3, 4; Student Council 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club Chairman 4; Junior Varsity Cheerleader 1, 2; Varsity Cheerleader 3; Literary Staff of **Hourglass** 1, 2, 4; Christmas Play 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2; Class Secretary-Treasurer 3; Decoration Committee Christmas Dance 3, Decoration Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Art Staff of **Hourglass** 4; Table Setter 2; Forum 2; Blue Team. Four years at Columbia.



LINDA MOSELEY GOLDSMITH
3399 Elmwood Avenue

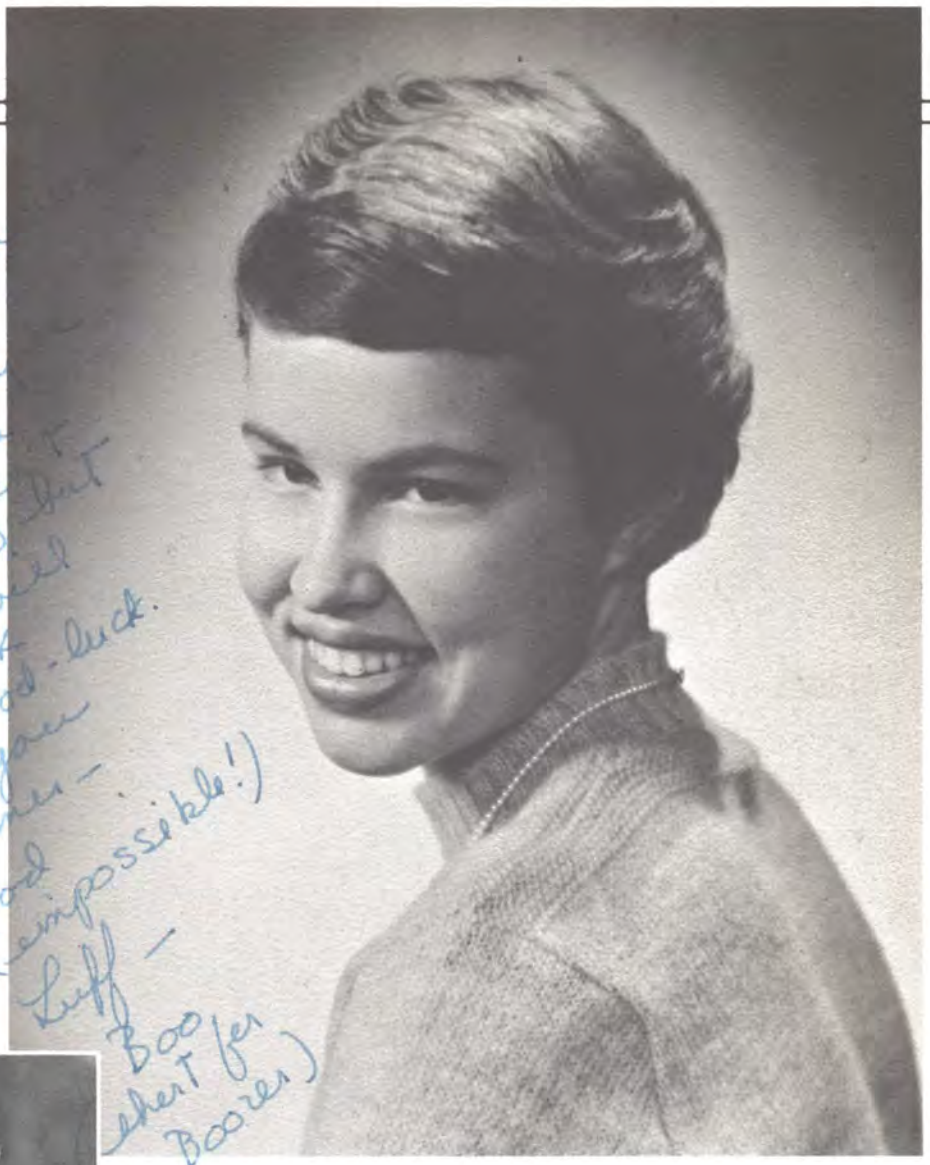
A leaning for art, dramatics, and dancing makes Linda the envy of the class. She can usually be found, when not in school, in her blue Volkswagen with the large red arrow on the back. When anything goes wrong, she has words of wisdom to offer, "How careless." This year she has been Head of the Dramatics Club and has helped to keep it an active organization.



Another fall loomed up, back in 1954, when we as Freshmen, twenty-three strong, stormed the doors with unbounded enthusiasm to

of 1958

Forum 1, 3, 4; Assemblies Committee 1; Invitations Committee, Christmas Dance 1; Literary Staff **Hourglass** 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Christmas Play 2, 3; Operetta 2; Glee Club 4; Social Work 2; Secretary-Treasurer Dramatic Club 3; Chairman of Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman Date Committee, Christmas Dance 4; Business Manager **Hourglass** 4; Blue Team. Four years at Columbia.





ELEONORE McHATTON HANSON

364 Antlers Drive

With all her wealth of information, there is one frightening question that Boo cannot answer—the origin of her nickname. Along with her quick wit, leadership, and ability to see the other side of any discussion, Boo, surprising as it may seem, also gets the prize for class worrier. If it is not about her last date, her next one, or how to get home from school, then it is about her absolute fetish — THE HOURGLASS. Within recent memory, she is the only Business Manager of the yearbook who has had to stop girls from selling more advertisements.

find "Churchie" and Miss Cady ready to begin our taming process. They were ably assisted by the Sophomores, using an alphabetic theme to



Junior Varsity Cheerleader 1; Varsity Cheerleader 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2; Study Hall 3; Date Committee Christmas Dance 3; Christmas Play 3; Forum 1, 4; Class President 1; Operetta 2; Glee Club 2; Supply Closet 3, 4; Ticket Committee Bazaar 1; Chairman Entertainment Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman Ticket Committee Bazaar 2; Literary Staff **Hourglass** 4; Chairman of Study Hall 4; Vice President Student Council 4; Chairman Decorations Christmas Dance 4; White Team. Twelve years at Columbia.

ELEANOR ALLEN MESSLER

Oak Ridge Farm, Pittsford

Wherever there is fun, accompanied by noise and laughter, you will find Toddy. She is our vivacious one, who has repeatedly made us proud of her in National Horse Shows at Madison Square Gardens. Her pride and joy, next to her horse, is Oakswagon, her faithful transportation to Columbia. We suspect her home is now named Voksridge. As Vice-President of Student Council and Chairman of the Study Hall Committee, Toddy has helped the growth of both groups; at the same time, she has maintained an excellent scholastic record.



initiate us into the ways of Columbia. Most memorable of that year was the Lake Placid trip, which Toddy Messler took care of for most

Supply Closet 1, 2, 3, 4; House Committee 1; Social Work 2, 3; Financial Committee Christmas Dance 3; Christmas Play 1; Forum 1; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Sanddrift 3; Assistant Bell-Ringer 3; Chairman Financial Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman Clean-Up Spring Fling 3; Class President 3; Chairman Social Service 4; Junior Red Cross Council 4; Assemblies Committee 4; Chairman Financial Committee Christmas Dance 4; Co-Chairman Props and Sets Christmas Play 4; Student Council 4; Blue Team. Eight years at Columbia.



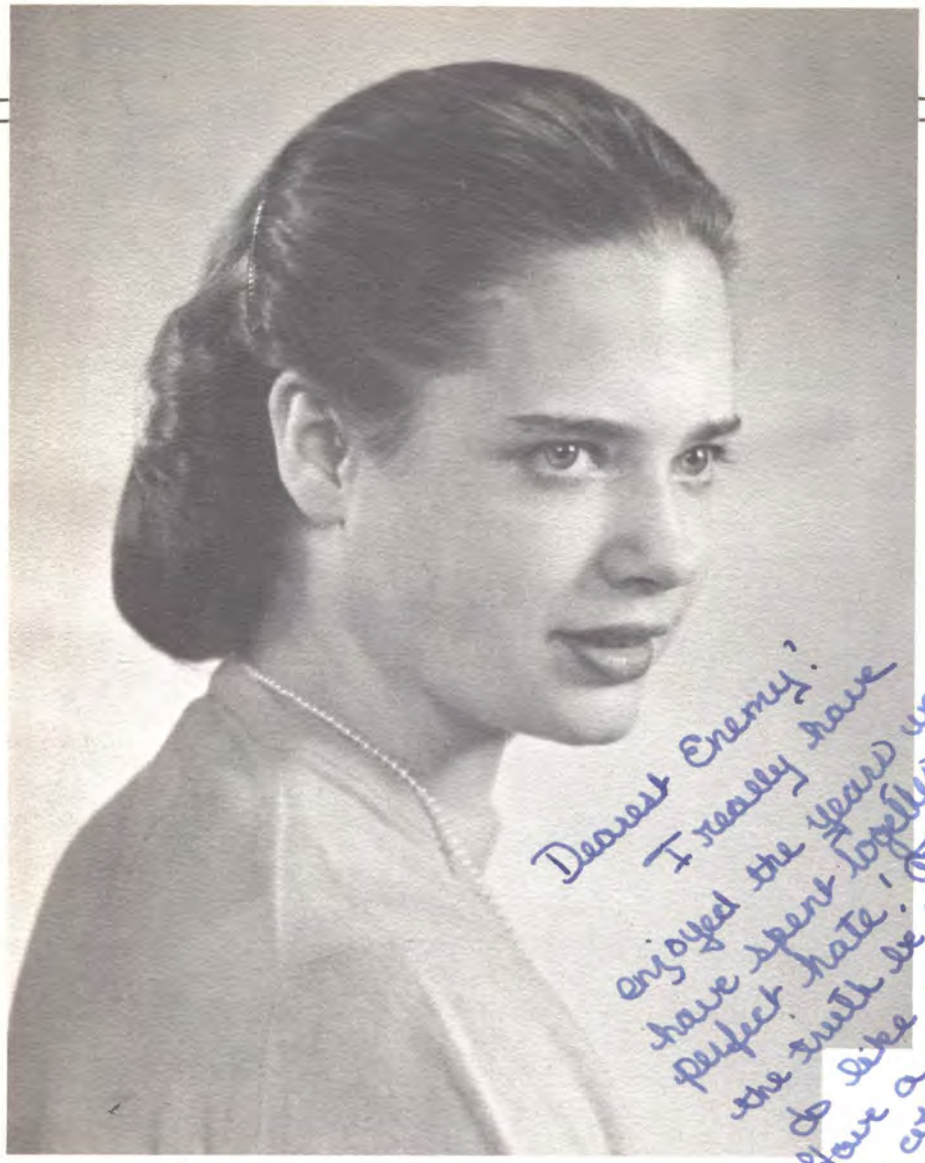


SALLY NICHOLS

1760 Highland Avenue

"Loqui," for loquacious, is the other half of the "Loqui-Garri" twins, competing diligently for the title of the quietest one. Underneath, however, are a love of fun and a personality that makes her warmly welcomed. If you hear a burst of laughter that comes out at long intervals, the pitch ever rising, Sally has just heard a joke. Her quiet but dependable contributions to Columbia, especially in Social Service which she heads this year, have been outstanding.

of us. She was wise enough to have the measles and recover early, while we had the measles and stayed home.



Social Work 2, 3, 4; Welcoming Committee, Christmas Dance 3; Literary Staff **Hourglass** 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Library Committee 3; R. A. U. N. Representative 3, 4; Christmas Play Scenery 3; Chairman Library Committee 4; Art Editor **Hourglass** 4; House Committee 4; Properties Christmas Play 4; White Team. Five years at Columbia.

Dearest Enemy:
I really have enjoyed the years we have spent together (Actually (but perfect hate, I'll be honest) I really do like you very much. Have a real great year in the college and I'll see you coming years. See you during the summer and lots of hate Purple Parlow

HENRIETTE ANNE PARLOW

89 Oak Lane

Anne, our most generous gal, opens the door to her car to drive us anywhere we want to go, and the door to her house for any class function. Both the Senior-Faculty Tea and the U. of R. dinner party were held at her home, where she proved a most gracious hostess. Although complacent and often dramatizing her motto, "Always put off 'til tomorrow what will wear you out today," she has been our excellent representative to the Rochester Association of the United Nations. Stubby, her canine companion—better known as "Eyeless"—will miss "Purple Parlow" next year, as will all of us who value her friendship and willingness to help.



Sophomore year brought us Lil Greenberg all the way from Ohio, Carol Dwyer, JoAnn Weber, Joyce Rowe, and geometry, along with



Business Staff **Hourglass** 3; Junior Forum Moderator 3; Chairman Food Committee Bazaar 2; Food Committee May Breakfast 2; Student Director Christmas Play 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Social Work 3; Lighting Committee Chairman Christmas Play 4; Master Treasurer 4; Editor-in-Chief **Sanddrift** 4; Blue Team. Three years at Columbia.

Dear Sally,
Dr Mabel – the proud mother of the Stritch family!
Nancelle's favorite and all

Hourglass, '62



JOYCE EMILY ROWE

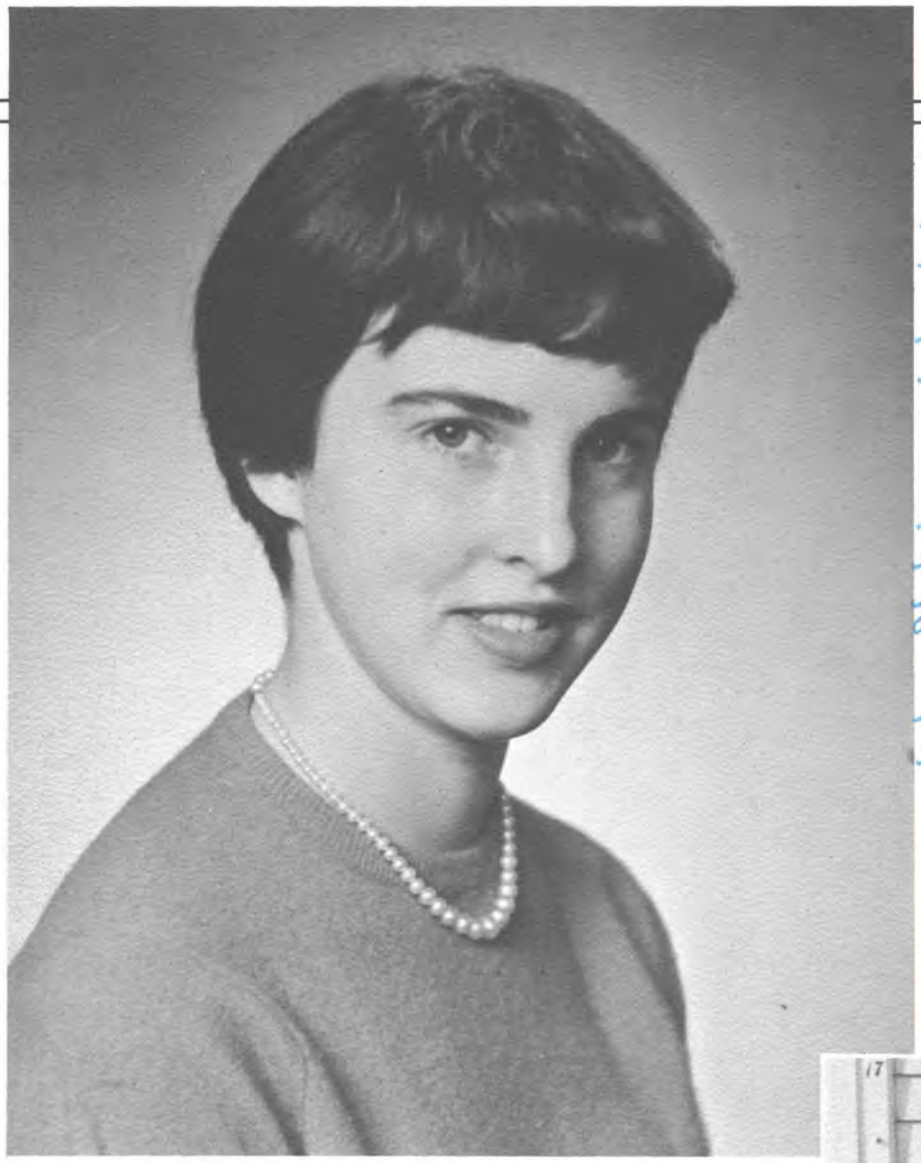
961 Harvard Street

that rot. Aren't senior privileges great? Even tho' we haven't

Joycie, known for her diligent work as Chairman of Monroe County Division of Youth for Eisenhower, will surprise none of us if and when she becomes the first lady President of the United States. Naturally gregarious, she can be relied on for the most up-to-the-minute happenings equal in scope to Station WRVM, but surpassing it in that she never has technical difficulties. She has used this news gathering ability this year with her customary enthusiasm to edit the school newspaper. Joycie is another of our class hostesses, and her former Shepard Street home has seen many a slumber party.

any work! Please tell your father to be good to lil' ole' me this Summer! Best of luck—
Love,
Joyce

the fad of bermuda shorts to wear during rehearsals for "H. M. S. Pinafore." The May Breakfast was a chilling experience in spite of



Dear Sal—

Tomorrow we'll find out how Smith liked our letters! Good luck!

Are you still leaving messages for Tony on the backdoor? Don't let him read this as I don't want to be the one to give away your scheme!

—Have a wonderful time this summer and next year.

Love,
Ade

Class Secretary-Treasurer 3; Social Work 3; Dramatic Club 3; Assemblies Committee 4; Literary Editor **Hourglass** 4; Blue Team. Two years at Columbia.

ADRIENNE GAYLE ST. JOHN

121 Landing Road South

Adrienne, the newest member of our class, came to Columbia from Brighton two years ago and is now one of the school's delightful "geese." If, as we have always been told, "Silence is golden," Ade has long been a millionaire, wasting no words but using her knack of getting right to the point to make worth-while class contributions. She showed her knowledge of the world and its affairs by placing highest of all the Seniors on the TIME magazine test. She has served well as Literary Editor of THE HOURGLASS.



doughnuts, fresh strawberries, and hot coffee. Lots of work, lots of fun, and a good profit characterized our bazaar.

of 1958

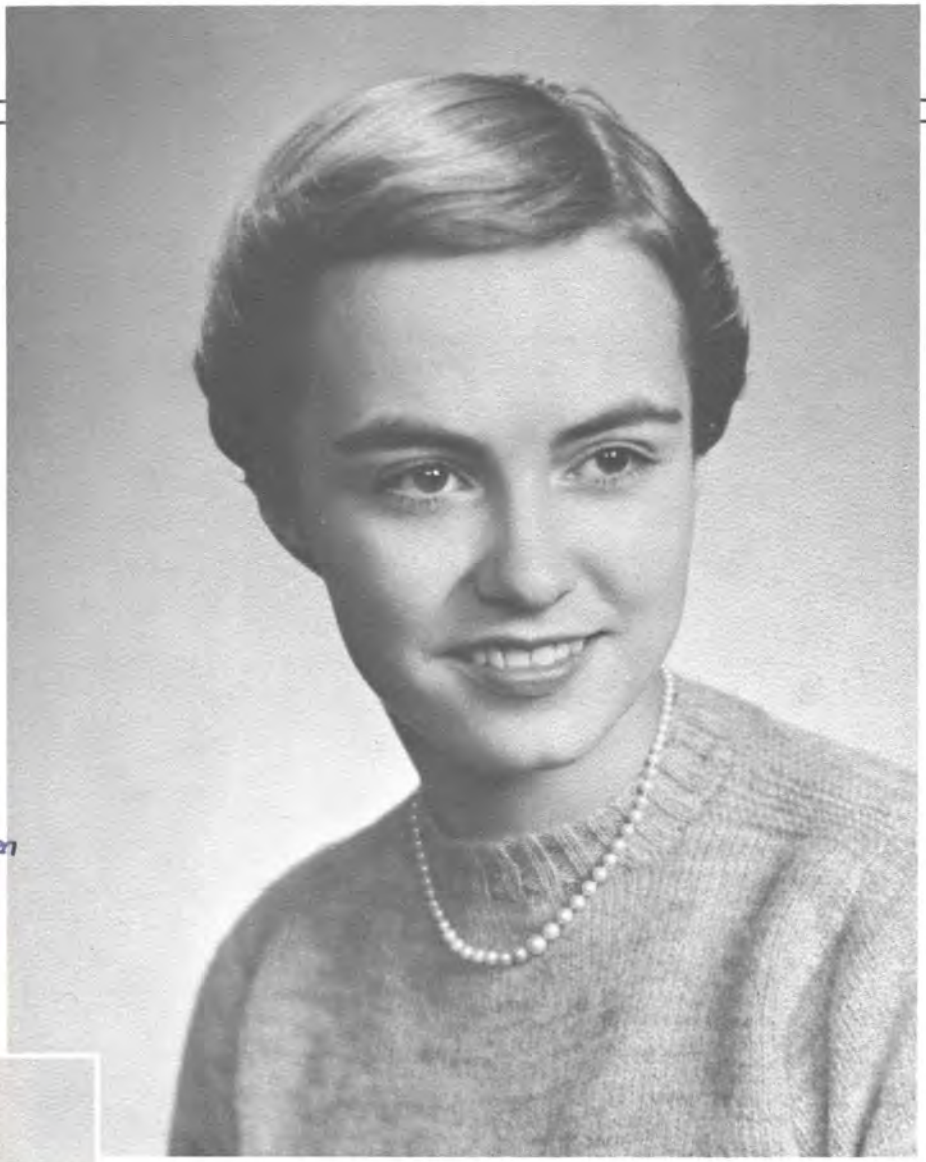
Dear Sal,

This year with you as Mabel and Sinitch as Charlie has really been fabulous, despite Miss Whitney's griping about "moldy" and

Junior Varsity Cheerleader 1; Social Work 1, 2; Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 1; Study Hall Committee 3; Co-Chairman Christmas Dance 3; Literary Staff **Hourglass** 1, 2, 3, 4; Christmas Play 1, 2; Operetta 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary-Treasurer 2; Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 2; Glee Club 2, 4; Bell Ringer 3; Chairman Decorations Committee Bazaar 2; Chairman Decorations Committee Spring Fling 3; Forum 2, 4; Business Staff **Hourglass** 2, 3; Student Council 4; Editor-in-Chief **Hourglass 4;** Blue Team, Four Years at Columbia.

your Sinitch family. Have a ball this summer and next year - You're really a great gal and deserve the best always - Luv, Anzie



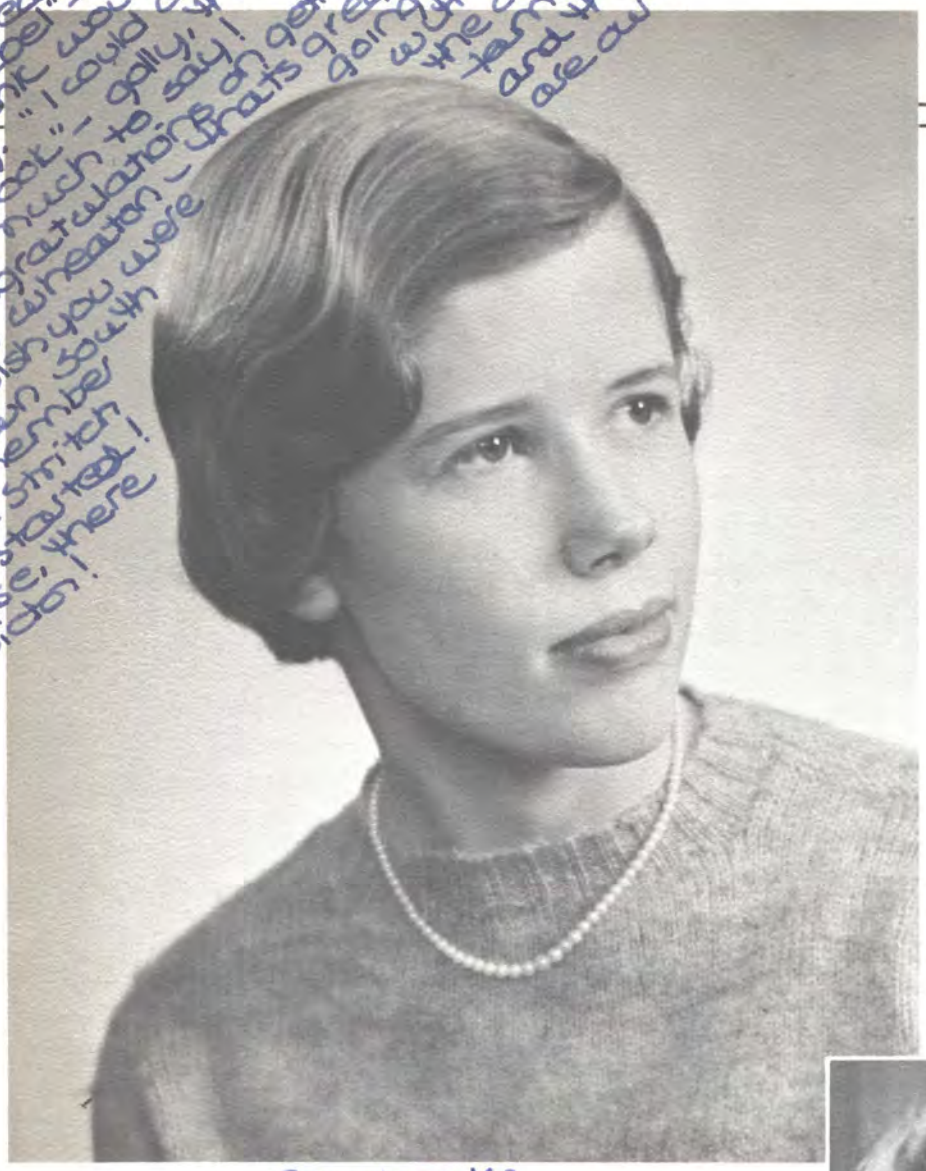


ANN DRESCHER TAYLOR

590 Allen's Creek Road

The hard working Editor of THE HOURGLASS is also known for her beautiful singing voice and calypso compositions. Our biggest snow storm in years delighted Anzie, who went around singing her current theme song, "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow," while she watched the countryside becoming beautiful instead of looking "so moldy" as she says it otherwise does. Her enthusiasm and imagination have spurred us on in the numerous skits we have given—all Taylor made.

With the arrival of Ade St. John and our sixteenth birthday to start our Junior year, we became authorities on the hour the sun



Music Committee 1, 3; Pound 2; Head of Pound 3; Dress Committee 2; Dramatic Club 3; Social Work 2; Chairman Welcoming Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Student Council Secretary 4; Chairman Welcoming Committee Christmas Dance 4; Chairman Photography Committee Bazaar 2; Chairman Assemblies Committee 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

Goucher '62

MARIAN SANBORN TODD

36 Knollwood Drive

Marian, the "penseur," is also known as "Garry," derived from her horror of being garrulous. Every Friday morning, however, she introduces the Assembly program with the poise becoming the Chairman of the Assemblies Committee. That one can enjoy life quietly, she demonstrates by her frequent open houses and her presence at the RIT skating rink. She skates well enough to be chosen as an Ice Caddy for the exhibitions held at the War Memorial.



set each evening. We did "Now You Has Jazz," took the SAT tests, wore our hair in pig tails, gave the Spring Fling in a setting of

'62

Dear Sally,
Gosh! what do you say after 3 wonderful years and to such a terrific friend. I will continue this later, but for now Best of luck wherever you go (we will all know tomorrow won't we) I know you will be happy at college and have great success. Best of luck Love ya, JoAnn

Social Work 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Christmas Play 2, 3; Chairman Table Decorations May Breakfast 2; Food Committee Christmas Dance 2, 3; Chairman Christmas Dance 4; Chairman Spring Fling 3; Forum 3; Safety Council 4; Study Hall Committee 4; Chairman Dress Committee 4; B-hive Representative 3, 4; Student Council 3; Food Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; White Team. Three years at Columbia.



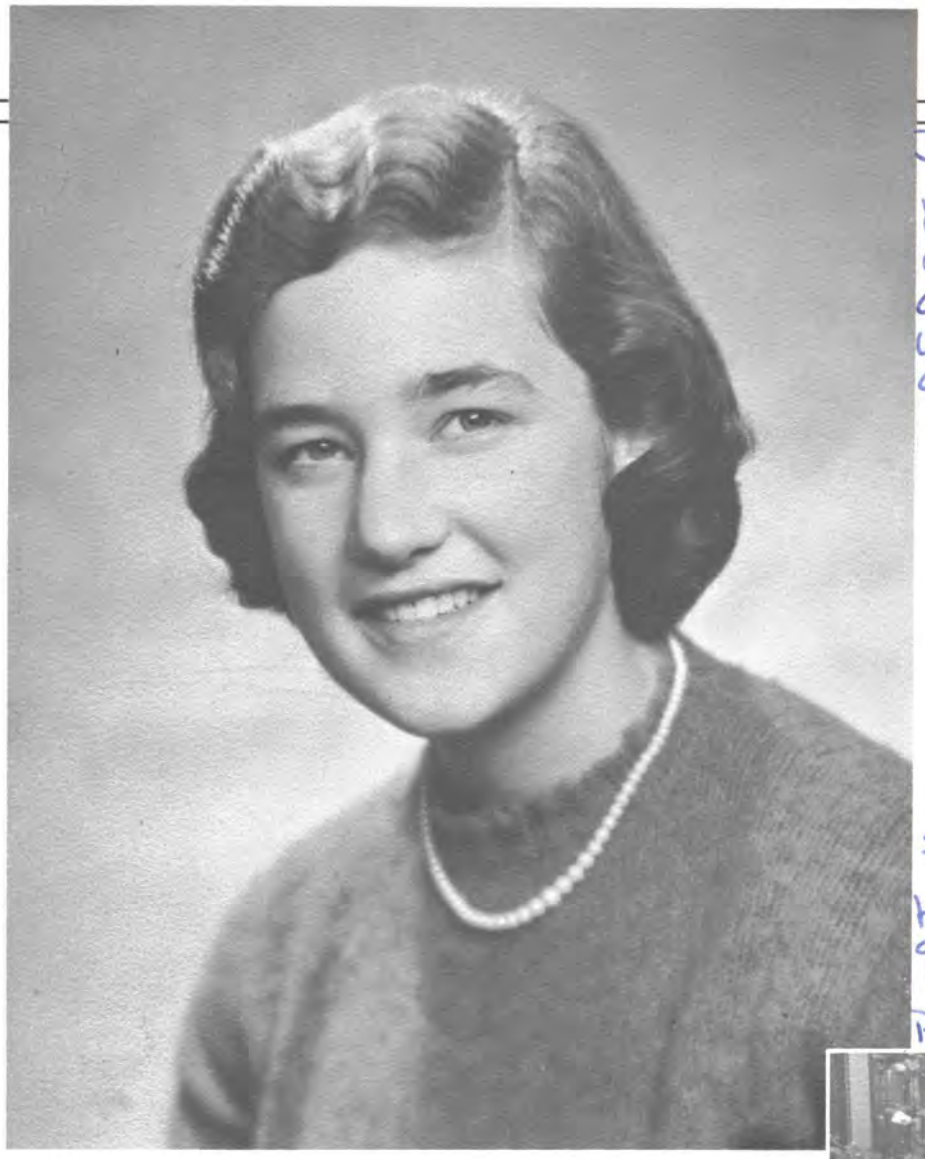


JoANN DEVEREAUX WEBER

15 Summit Drive

The natural Goldilocks of the Senior Class is JoAnn, our mighty mite. She always has the solution for our problems, based on her belief that any problem can be solved by hard work. As our hardest worker, both in and out of class, she always finds time for one more task. While her main activity has been the Dress Committee, she also headed the Christmas Dance and gave us a most enjoyable evening. Since her favorite dog is named Butterscotch, we assume it is her favorite flavor.

sparkling—and often leaking—fountains of Rome, and studied "lil ol" biology.



Dear Sal —
Happy birthday tomorrow. I'll keep my eye on "that boy" across the street for you. Now that he's working at the bank, you're all set.
Best of luck always to a wonderful gal. Love, Em
P.S. How's your —?

Study Hall Committee 1; Junior Cheerleader 1, 2; Varsity Cheerleader 3; Finance Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 1; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Forum 3; Athletic Association 2; Class Secretary-Treasurer 2; Make-up Committee Operetta and Christmas Dance 2, 4; Sibley Teen Fashion Board 2, 3, 4; Invitations Committee Christmas Dance 3; Dress Committee 3; Entertainment Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman Welcoming Committee Spring Fling 3; Class President 4; Glee Club 4; School Rings 4; Social Work 4; Business Staff **Hourglass** 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

EMILY WELLER

277 Landing Road South

Class President, Columbia representative on the fashion council at Sibley's, chief resource if one needs a date for a dance—"I know a simply divine boy,"—Emily can be recognized by her brown page boy hair style, with never a hair out of place, and an always present smile. Her quiet and reserved manner, coupled with her tact, have made her a popular and efficient class president.

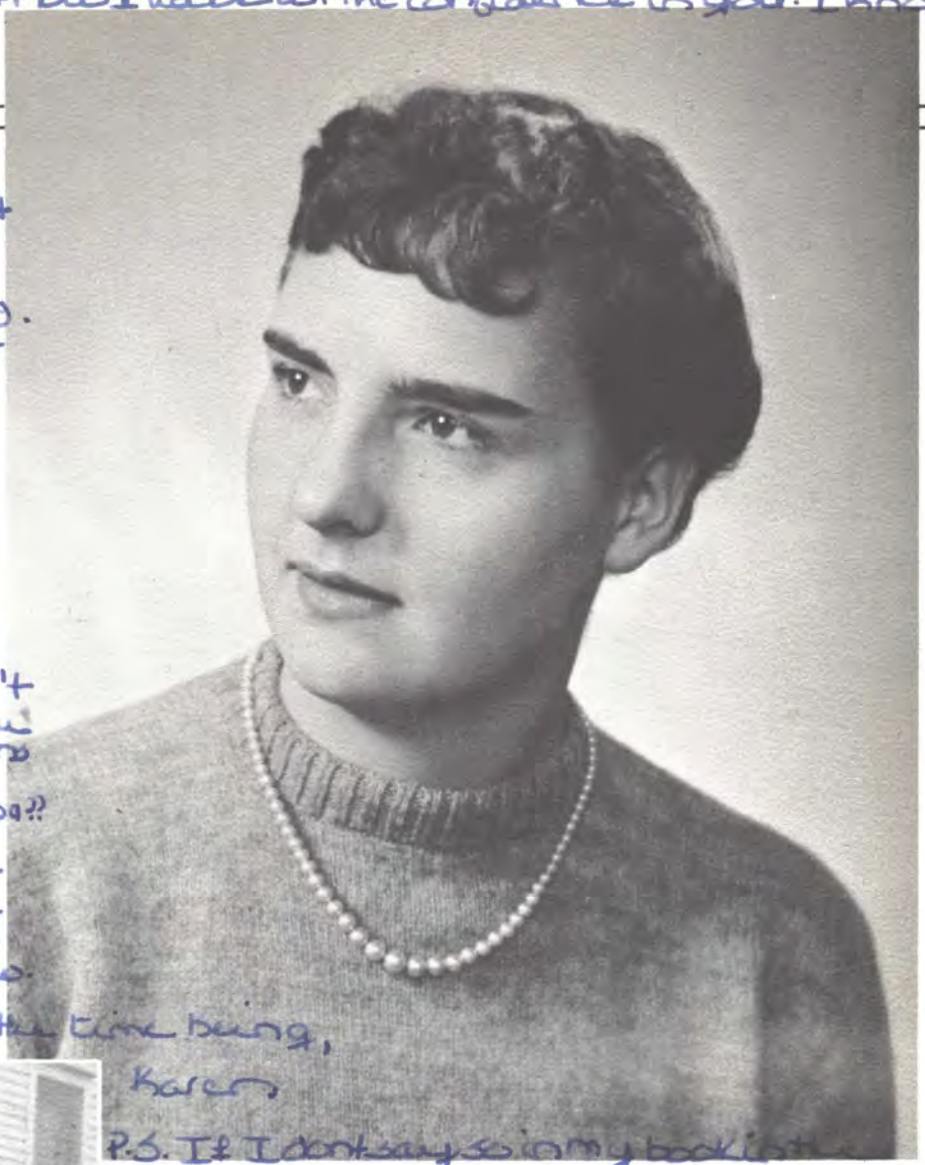


And now that time has gone steadily on and we are nearing the end of our Senior year, we look back with pride to the special emblem

Dear Dääarling
This is just a start I will write your book later. Tomorrow the big day and right now I have all the confidence in you. I know

of 1958

You will be a big asset to any College. Hushy (aren't I) I hope my crown won't fall off when I go to get up ob bb that lovely wedg ground. Please don't faint



Social Work 1; House Committee 3; Chairman House Committee 4; Student Council 2, 4; Red Cross Representative 3, 4; Chairman Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Forum 3; Chairman Invitations Committee Christmas Dance 4; Chairman Make-up Committee Christmas Play 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

on me because I am afraid I won't be able to pick you up. I hope our crowns are pretty. Don't you?? Tiffy books have a wonderful birthday and a wonderful night tomorrow.

Much love for the time being,

Karen

P.S. If I don't say so in my book I'll say it now. Please keep in touch next years is only once in a blue moon.

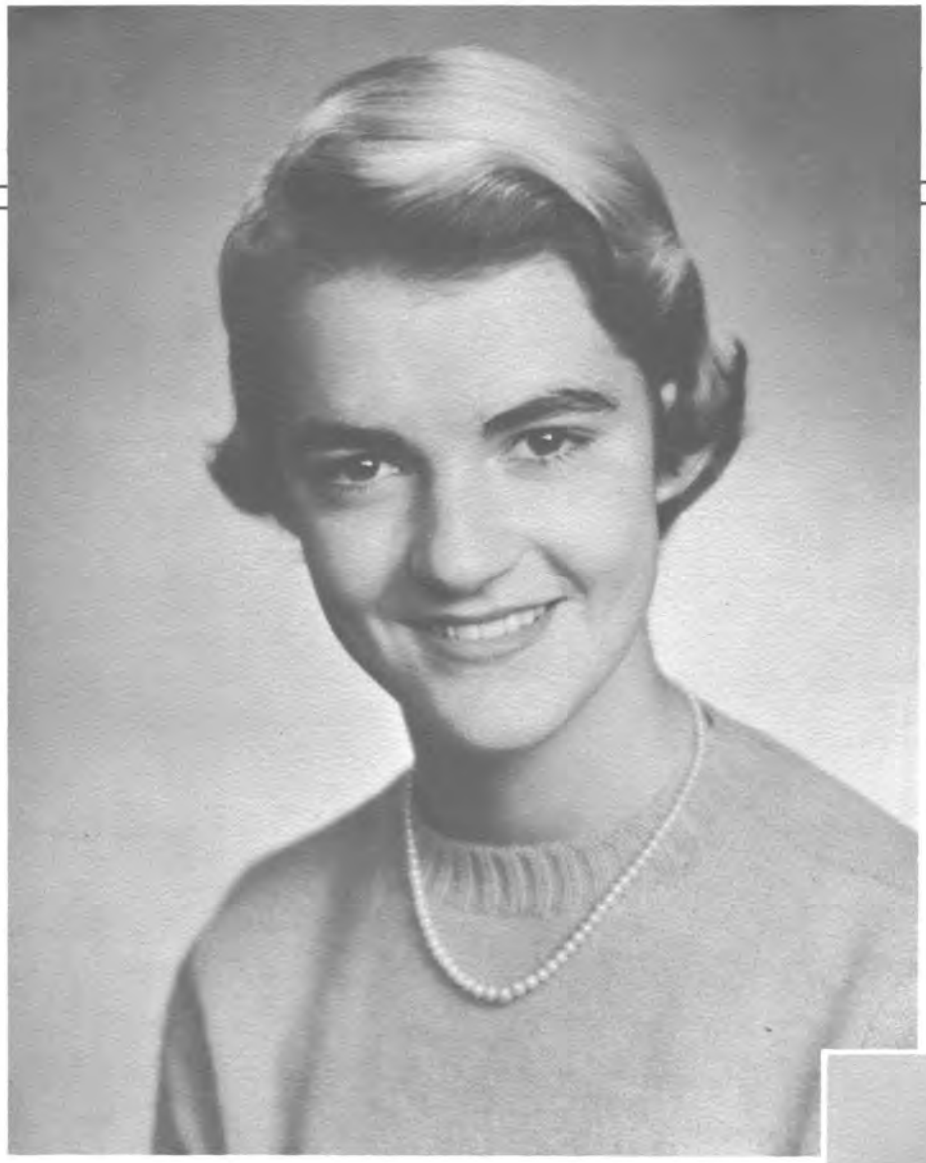


KAREN LEE WIDING

39 Creekside Lane

"Will you listen to me?" are words that could come only from Karen, the Senior with the gorgeous tan. In accordance with her request, we eagerly await every other Monday morning to listen to her say, "The table lists have changed, and mumblemumble class will work." Always pleasant, always busy, Karen has successfully handled numerous jobs which entail the maximum of effort and the minimum of glory. As a future nurse, she will continue her custom of looking after the needs of others.

that we have worn on our blazers, to the National Merit tests where Boo Hanson was a finalist, and to all the work and play that is the lot of every



Junior Varsity Cheerleader 1, 2; Varsity Cheerleader 3, 4; House Committee 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Financial Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Forum 3; Athletic Association 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer, Athletic Association 3; Captain White Team 4; Photography Staff **Hourglass** 3; Photography Editor 4; Costumes Committee Christmas Play 4; Glee Club 4; Traffic Safety Council, Junior Representative 3; Senior Representative 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

NANCY ANN YOUNGMAN

25 Linden Ave.

Nance, always last—alphabetically—is the spirit behind the cheering at Allendale games, urging all Columbia girls to cheer our brother school. She is the girl with the multi-color blond hair and the box of Kleenex to disguise her perpetual cold. Neatly stacked under thousands of stuffed animals is her amazing record collection. If one can get down that far, she can always find the hit tune needed for any skit.



Columbia girl. Soon after this is being read in our yearbook, our Senior year will have taken its place in our memory of happy days well spent.





CLASSES

CONTENTS OF THIS SECTION:

Juniors
Sophomores
Freshman
Eighth Grade
Seventh Grade
Middle School
First and Second Grades
Kindergarten
Nursery School
Middle and Lower School Snapshots



First Row: **J. Harding, F. Wilson, M. Ark.** Second Row: **C. Gabel, M. Neisner, S. Strine, H. Hudnut, G. Jones.** Third Row: **B. Swan, M. Bailey, M. Atkins, M. Saunders.** Fourth Row: **B. Ogden, K. Allen, J. Swan, M. Menke, H. Wilson, G. Brown, J. Cann, D. Dutcher, B. Sanford, J. DeMartin.** Missing: **T. Adams, S. Barrows, G. Broderson, A. Coker, M. Ernest, S. Jones.**

Fran Wilson
Betty Hudnut is the junior
most likely to succeed at
college next year.

CLASS OF 1959

The algebraic formula for the junior class is plus two, minus two, equals twenty-eight. For the first time since eighth grade, they were united in one homeroom. Their varied outside interests include athletics, musical activities, bridge, and for some, cheerleading. The Class moved on from the task of finding dates for the Christmas Dance to the greater task of actually putting on the Spring Fling. Their mathematics assembly and interesting forum on some of the aspects of Communism concluded the winter season. They also supervised the Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet and the Graduation Dance.



First Row: **R. Faragher, J. Cowles, S. Nottingham, C. Dietrich.** Second Row: **A. McCoy, E. Farnham, C. Gandy, E. Lyons, S. Wiard, W. Johnson.** Third Row: **P. Lorbach, L. Burlingame, P. Rowntree, G. Stebbins, C. Lockley.** On Stairs: **C. Mercer, S. Hudson, K. Hellebush, C. Johnson, S. Devadutt, D. Werle, S. Schumacher, J. Fisher, J. Trimble, S. Allen.** Missing: **C. Hyndman, P. Schuchman.**

CLASS OF 1960

An energetic sophomore class has been kept busy with its traditional activities. The girls initiated the freshmen at the Halloween Party, and then joined with them to put on a very successful Bazaar for their Social Service project. Their assembly, "Know Your Rochester," told us about our own city. Spring found them at the memorable May Breakfast "crowning" the Seniors. Their excess energy was put to good use when they filled Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets and sponsored a baked goods sale.



First Row: **H. Smith, D. Lunt, C. Schmitt, C. Cobb.** Second Row: **J. Nichols, J. McAnulty, S. Fulreader, A. Dwyer.** Third Row: **S. Cook, M. Moll, N. Castle, L. Barnell, E. Hickman.** Fourth Row: **B. Morley, C. Lane, L. Gordon, S. Green.** Fifth Row: **S. McBride, M. Burnham, S. Widing, R. Levy, S. Hanford, K. Morse, K. Burnham, C. Morse, W. Webber, G. Dunn.** Missing: **H. Bennett, C. Cox, R. Preu, L. Robinson, T. Taylor.**

CLASS OF 1961

This year's freshman class of thirty-two members showed quality as well as quantity by its rapid adjustment to the ways of high school life. They were especially good sports and good entertainers at the Hallowe'en Party. In November, together with the Sophomores, they put on the successful Bazaar. Two new experiences, their first Christmas Dance and the Lake Placid trip, provided the class with much enjoyment. They later distinguished themselves in their class forum and assembly.



First Row: M. Pierson, E. Hughes, C. Ashton, L. Swing, S. Hodges. Second Row: S. Ely, E. Murphy, D. Weissberger, P. Devadutt, M. Jones, K. Hersloff, R. Deverian, D. Tripp, S. Jackson, S. Strakosh. Third Row: A. Angle, C. Clark, K. Wilson, P. Ogden, J. Clark, M. Ark, D. Macomber. Missing: S. Boyink, B. Luke, B. Neumer.

EIGHTH GRADE

Dear Sally,
Have a real blast at Wheatsos.
Hope to see you again some time.
Love
Kitty

SEVENTH GRADE



Seated: M. Wendt, J. Neville, D. Mason, H. Hollenbach, L. DelMonaco. Second Row: D. Eisenhart, S. Hylan, A. M. Taylor. Standing: D. Beach, K. Hook, C. Hennrich, K. Wells, S. Ireland, H. Knox, J. Hansford, M. Adams, C. Doyle. Missing: S. Harris, T. Hickok, J. Willsea.



MIDDLE SCHOOL

Fifth Row: **C. O'Connor, J. Howard, B. Veilaine, K. Bechtold, Z. Benedicto, L. Hersloff, M. Struener, F. Hubbard, J. Springer, M. Harris, G. Meader, B. Morris.** Fourth Row: **G. Gioia, L. Morley, C. Lunt, S. Hawks, A. Ames, L. Rusling, M. Hickman, M. Wickins, L. Prince, L. Townson, S. Ernest, M. Lucas, A. Morris, H. Hickok, L. Brockway, C. Gioia.** Third Row: **E. Watson, S. Howard, M. Allison, J. Yates, J. Sage, E. Reveley.** Second Row: **B. Trafton, E. Wesson, M. Clark, M. Cleveland, L. Hawks, D. Cook, J. Shaw, P. Zahrndt.** First Row: **S. Thornton, M. Hinkle, E. Hollenbach, J. Clark, L. Lucas, R. Tutihasi.**

FIRST and SECOND GRADES

Standing: **P. Trafton, C. Townson, A. Moses.** Seated (table on the left): **A. Boslov, L. Sibley, K. Stever, M. Tutihasi, K. Atkins.** Seated (table on the right): **A. Bohacket, P. DeMatteo, C. Frederickson, J. Wilmot.** Missing: **A. Marshak, R. Drake.**





KINDERGARTEN

Around the table: C. Cosier, J. Bennett, J. Warren, S. J. Tomlinson, B. Ireland, C. Beck, C. Harris, T. Townson, J. Starkweather, B. Watson. Missing: B. Jordan, D. Passaro, K. Prior, D. Ward.



NURSERY SCHOOL

Back Row: F. Tilford, B. Neisner, J. Blume, R. Kline, R. Skinner, J. Rosenberg, J. Meader, G. Geismar. Second Row: A. Fenniger, J. Bolton, J. Webster. On Floor: W. Van Brocklin, S. Opdycke, H. Sibley. At Table: D. Munter, O. Burme, C. Starkweather, D. Harvey, F. Wesson, S. Snyder, B. Webster. Missing: James Anderson, Jane Anderson, C. Jordan, R. Small, G. Small, J. Steinhardt.







MIDDLE & LOWER SCHOOL SNAPS











ACTIVITIES



CONTENTS OF THIS SECTION:

Student Council
Study Hall Committee
The 1958 **HOURGLASS**
Athletic Committee
Social Service Committee
Assemblies Committee
House Committee
Dress Committee
Library Committee
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Music Committee
Science Club
Student Aides
Snaps



First Row: **C. Dwyer, E. Messler,** Vice-President; **Miss Skillin,** Adviser; **M. Crofton,** President; **M. Todd, L. Del Monaco, A. Taylor.** Second Row: **J. Nichols, C. Cobb, N. Castle, S. Ely, M. Pierson, J. Neville, K. Widing, C. Gabel, T. Hickock, S. Nichols, D. Dutcher, S. Hanford, S. Allen, J. Swan, S. Schumacher, J. Fisher.** Missing: **E. Hughes.**



STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is made up of representatives from each class in the Upper School, and the heads of the major committees. This year's officers are: Margaret Crofton, President; and Eleanor Messler, Vice-President. The Council, which meets on the first Monday of each month, is responsible for promoting the welfare of the girls and solving the non-academic problems of the school.

STUDY HALL COMMITTEE

The honor study hall at Columbia is one of the most impressive achievements of the student government. The study hall is supervised by the Study Hall Committee, which is composed of three girls from each of Grades 7-12. Under the able leadership of Eleanor Messler and her committee, every girl in the Upper School strives to make the honor study hall a success.



Seated: **K. Allen, Miss Roberts,** Adviser; **E. Messler,** Chairman; **E. Hickman.** Standing: **D. Werle, P. Lorbach, J. Weber, H. Smith, J. Favour, L. Swing, D. Macomber, K. Wells, J. Clark, C. Lockley, M. Neisner, S. Hylan, K. Burnham.** Missing: **T. Adams, S. Harris.**



Front Row: **D. Beach, B. Morley, S. McBride, J. Harding, K. Allen.** Second Row: **J. Swan, C. Hyndman, A. St. John, J. Rowe, E. Hanson, A. Taylor, Miss Whitney,** Adviser; **H. Parlow, L. Greenberg.** Third Row: **G. Broderson, J. Trimble, K. Cox, C. Doyle, R. Deverian, L. Goldsmith, D. Lunt, L. Burlingame.** Fourth Row: **J. Cowles, E. Weller, J. DeMartin, C. Dietrich, K. Wilson, J. Clark, H. Hudnut, E. Farnham, J. Favour, E. Messler.** Missing: **S. Lockhart, W. Johnson, T. Taylor, B. Sanford, H. Bennett, N. Youngman.**

THE 1958 HOURGLASS



ANN TAYLOR
Editor-in-Chief

CLASS OF 1958
- Linda Goldsmith
- Jane Favour
- Emily Weller
- Eleanor Messler

CLASS OF 1959
- Julie Harding
- Jan DeMartin
- Grethe Broderson
- Jane Swan
- Katherine Allen
- Barbara Sanford
- Holly Hudnut

CLASS OF 1960
- Whitney Johnson
- Joan Trimble
- Carla Hyndman
- Leslie Burlingame
- Cara Dietrich
- Jana Cowles
- Elizabeth Farnham

CLASS OF 1961
- Catherine Cox
- Barbara Morley
- Holly Bennett
- Tamsin Taylor
- Sondra Cook

CLASS OF 1962
- Karen Wilson
- Roberta Deverian
- Deborah Beach
- Julie Clark
- Susan McBride



ELEONORE HANSON
Business Manager



LILLIAN GREENBERG
Senior Editor



ANNE PARLOW
Art Editor



ADRIENNE ST. JOHN
Literary Editor



NANCY YOUNGMAN
Photography Editor



JOYCE ROWE
Editor, Sanddrift



N. Youngman, J. Willsea, Miss Brown, Adviser; C. Dwyer, President; S. Jones, C. Hyndman, E. Murphy, W. Webber.

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

This year's Athletic Association has been headed by Carol Dwyer, who in turn has been assisted by Nancy Youngman, Captain of the White Team; Sue Jones, Captain of the Blue Team; and a representative from each Upper School class. Throughout the year the Athletic Association sponsors Field Days and inter-class tournaments. By means of this friendly competition, the Athletic Association helps to develop in each girl a sense of fair play, cooperation, and good sportsmanship.

The demon
of the Tennis Court —
Thank-you for many
pleasant memories
Miss B-

SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE

The Social Service Committee, led this year by Sally Nichols, organizes many fund-raising projects for local, national, and international charities. The committee sends Thanksgiving baskets to needy Rochester families, sponsors two grades in schools for American Indians, writes letters to our two adopted children overseas, and organizes our volunteer work at local hospitals. In addition, it sponsors the project each class puts on to earn money for the Social Service Treasury.





Seated: J. Cann, S. Nichols, Chairman. Standing: S. Green, M. Jones, Miss Nevius, Adviser; S. Devadutt, S. Ireland, L. Goldsmith.

ASSEMBLIES COMMITTEE

Marian Todd and her committee, which is composed of one representative from each grade in the Upper School, plan weekly Friday assemblies. These valuable assemblies include outside speakers, worthwhile movies, and class productions. In addition, each of Grades 9-12 puts on a Forum dealing with a subject of current interest. With the Assemblies Committee's fine work, the Friday periods have been both entertaining and educational.



Seated: **M. Todd**, Chairman; **Mrs. Simpson**, Adviser. Standing: **T. Taylor, A. St. John, H. Knox, D. Weissberger, S. Wiard, G. Broderson.**





HOUSE COMMITTEE

One of the most important duties of Columbia students is to keep the school clean. Organization of the work schedule is one of the responsibilities of the House Committee, this year headed by Karen Widing. This committee also makes new lunch table lists every two weeks, thus giving the girls a chance to become acquainted with more students and teachers. Columbia girls become more efficient and responsible by taking part in this work program.

K. Widing, Chairman; **D. Eisenhart, M. Saunders, H. Parlow, R. Levy.** Missing: **P. Ogden, P. Rowntree, Miss Skillin**, Adviser.

DRESS COMMITTEE

The purpose of the Dress Committee, under this year's able chairman JoAnn Weber, is to make sure that every girl wears the correct uniform at all times. Each member of the committee collects fines from those girls in her class who are out of uniform. Since the importance of good grooming and neatness is constantly stressed, the student body is more conscious of its appearance.



J. Weber, Chairman; S. Widing, M. Adams, J. DeMartin, L. Barnell, Mlle. Vuagniaux, Adviser; C. Clark. Missing: E. Lyons, P. Schuchman.



Seated: H. Parlow, Chairman. Standing: S. Jackson, J. Hansford, C. Schmitt, A. McCoy. Missing: Mrs. Jensen, Adviser, A. Coker.



LIBRARY COMMITTEE

The efficient organization and operation of our library is due mainly to the continuous work of the Library Committee. The members, under their experienced chairman Anne Parlow, work with the Librarian to return books to the shelves, set out reserve reference material, and keep the magazine section supplied with current literature. The number of volumes in the library is ever increasing, as the fines collected on over due books are used to buy more books.



First Row: S. Widing, J. Nichols, T. Hickok, K. Burnham, M. Jones, S. Cook, J. Weber, B. Ogden, P. Devadutt. Second Row: J. Rowe, M. Crofton, K. Widing, M. Neisner, Sec. Treas.; L. Goldsmith, President; Mrs. Fett, Adviser; N. Youngman, A. Taylor, C. Hennrich. Third Row: G. Stebbins, K. Wilson, K. Hellebush, C. Dwyer, H. Hudnut, S. Green, J. Favour, S. Nichols, D. Macomber, C. Clark. Fourth Row: C. Ashton, L. Burlingame, E. Hughes, C. Dietrich, E. Weller, J. Cowles, E. Messler, E. Hanson. Missing: C. Johnson, S. Nottingham, A. Parlow, S. Devadutt, M. Bailey, C. Lockley, J. Harding.

DRAMATICS CLUB





The Dramatics Club, under its President Linda Goldsmith, holds meetings once a month, when plays and talks are given by the members. These meetings give a large number of girls an opportunity to develop their dramatic abilities. Girls whose interests lie in backstage work also gain experience by working on committees.

At Christmas, the club presented the ever popular "Christmas Carol," by Dickens. The various phases of the production including direction, lighting, properties, and scenery were handled by student committees. The fine cast was headed by Jane Favour as Scrooge, and Carla Hyndman as Bob Cratchet. Supporting roles were taken by Carol Lockley, Sue Ann Widing, Sue Hudson, Jana Cowles, Julie Harding, Chelli Devadutt, Sue Thornton, Barbara Neumer, Jane Fisher, Gay Stebbins, Rachael Faragher, and Kit Burnham.



Seated at Piano: **A. Taylor.** First Row: **B. Morley, E. Hanson, E. Hickman, A. Dwyer, M. Menke, C. Lockley, C. Cox, R. Levy.** Second Row: **S. Wiard, B. Swan, W. Johnson, J. Swan, C. Lane, C. Mercer, S. Green, H. Hudnut, C. Cobb, C. Gabel, M. Bailey.** Third Row: **M. Crofton, M. Atkins, J. Nichols, K. Burnham, E. Weller, S. Nichols, K. Allen.** Missing: **N. Youngman, Mr. Hollenbach,** Director.

GLEE CLUB

At the request of many girls, Columbia this year has a Glee Club to afford interested and talented girls an opportunity to do additional singing. Under the able direction of Mr. Hollenbach, this selected Upper School group meet on Thursday afternoons to rehearse. The Glee Club has worked long and hard on its numbers given at the Christmas and Spring concerts.



MUSIC COMMITTEE

Musical activities are a main phase of Columbia's curriculum, thus making the Music Committee one of our most active groups. The Committee, headed this year by Lillian Greenberg, is composed of one representative from each Upper School class. Distributing music for Assemblies, keeping order during music period, leading the noon time prayer, and selecting the daily hymn are among the many duties which the committee efficiently carries out.

H. Bennett, K. Hellebush, L. Greenberg, Chairman; **Mrs. Fisher,** Adviser; **M. Menke, C. Ashton, A. M. Taylor.**



SCIENCE CLUB

In keeping with the current interest in science, Columbia has organized a Science Club. Its purpose is to develop the individual scientific interest of its members. Besides working on various projects, the girls have made several field trips, including one to the museum to see the Atoms for Peace exhibit. The officers this year are: Leslie Burlingame, President; Gay Stebbins, Secretary; and Sally Allen, Treasurer.

L. Burlingame, J. McAnulty, S. Allen, A. Dwyer, B. Morley, P. Schuchman, G. Stebbins, C. Dietrich, E. Farnham, C. Gabel, P. Rowntree, S. Green, Mrs. Ward, Adviser: B. Ogden.

STUDENT AIDES

The Student Aides are one of the most important groups in Columbia. Members include the Bell Ringer, "Sanddrift" Editor, Keeper of the Activities Book, Chairman of the Christmas Dance, Master Treasurer, Flag Raisers, Red Cross Representatives, and members of the Safety Council. Because of their silent but efficient work, Columbia is able to operate smoothly.



First Row: H. Parlow, M. Atkins, K. Allen. Second Row: J. Favour, J. Rowe, G. Stebbins, C. Dwyer, J. Weber. Third Row: H. Wilson, M. Ernest, J. Swan, C. Morse, A. Dwyer, M. Saunders. Fourth Row: N. Youngman, K. Widing, S. Nichols, C. Johnson.




FROM THE SANSKRIT
LISTEN TO THE EXHORTATION OF THE DAWN!
LOOK TO THIS DAY!
FOR IT IS LIFE, THE VERY LIFE OF LIFE.
IN ITS BRIEF COURSE LIE ALL THE VERITIES AND REALITIES
OF YOUR EXISTENCE
THE BLISS OF GROWTH
THE STORY OF ACTION
THE SPLENDOR OF BEAUTY
FOR YESTERDAY IS BUT A DREAM, AND TOMORROW
IS ONLY A VISION;
BUT TODAY WELL-LIVED, MAKES EVERY YESTERDAY
A DREAM OF HAPPINESS
AND EVERY TOMORROW A VISION OF HOPE.
LOOK, THEREFORE TO THIS DAY!
SUCH IS THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN.















SNAPS









LITERARY

CONTENTS OF THIS SECTION:
Literary Material
Grades 3-12

MR. POMP PICKS . . . THE **1958**



LITERARY HIGHLIGHTS

THE FIRST DOG IN CHURCH

Tom had a dog named Wags. Wags loved Tom and Tom loved Wags. It was a Sunday morning when Tom went to church. But he didn't like to go without his dog. Church was not a place for dogs. Tom was in the car hoping that his dog would be all right at home. Tom walked into church and sat down. A man was sitting near the door who knew Tom. He saw out on the church step that there was a dog. The dog barked and put his paw on the door. He got the door open. In he walked, then he barked. All at once Tom looked. Oh! could that be Wags? It was! Then he almost broke in tears. He was afraid. He said, "Wags, Wags, come here." He made the dog lie down. When church was over, all the people said that was the first dog that they had seen in church. Tom was proud of his dog for being the first dog in church. And when Wags got home, he got a big bone and from that day to this, Tom is well known and Wags got a new name. It was King. He got his name in honor of being the first dog in church. And that night Tom went to sleep, and he was dreaming good dreams about Wags.

Leslie Brockway, Grade 3

THE HAPPY DAY

It was Sunday and Tom was sleeping late. His mother called him but he was too sleepy to get up. All at once Tom felt something on his face. He looked up and saw his dog named Nicky. Tom said, "All right, I will get up and get ready for church."

After the family was ready and was starting out, their dog started to bark. "What does he want?" asked Tom's mother.

"I don't know," said Tom's father.

"I think I know," said Tom. "I think he wants to go to church."

"Well, he can't come to church," said Tom's father.

"You stay at home, boy," said Tom. So they went to church. When church was almost over, all of a sudden Tom heard some pitter-patter of feet. Tom looked up and saw his dog. "Go home," said Tom, but his dog only barked. When his dog barked, all the people looked at them. Then Tom took his dog away in a hurry. While Tom was taking his dog away, the people started to laugh. They laughed and laughed. But by the time Tom came back, they were through laughing.

Candace O'Connor, Grade 3

SMALL CLOUD

Once there was a little Indian boy named Small Cloud. He wanted a horse! Every day he had to take the sheep to graze in the fields. He did not want to take care of the sheep! His friend, Little Eagle, had a horse of his own and did not have to take care of their sheep! Almost all Little Eagle had to do was ride his horse. Small Cloud wanted to be like Little Eagle.

One night he went into his hogan and said, "Father, when may I have a horse?"

"Maybe some day," said Father. Then Father knew that Small Cloud had forgotten that his birthday was in a few days. When Small Cloud went to bed that night, he could not go to sleep because he was thinking of horses.

The day of his birthday was here, and Father and Mother were almost all set. The morning was the same. Small Cloud went to tend to the sheep. When he came home that night, Father said, "I have something to show you. Come with me."

Small Cloud did not know what Father was going to show him. As they went out of the hogan, Small Cloud saw something big move. He said, "Father, what was that?"

There was no answer. Then there was a noise, and Small Cloud knew what it was! His Father said, "Here is your birthday present from your mother and me."

Small Cloud didn't know what to say. All of a sudden he said, "A-A HORSE!"

He had received his wish! Now he and his friend, Little Eagle, could ride and ride and ride all day long.

Margaret Hickman, Grade 4

MY AWFUL ADVENTURE

I am a valentine. I live in Edwards Department Store. I have lace around me, and I am very pretty. A little girl named Mary has just bought me. Mary signed me and put me in an envelope. She put an address on it, it looked like this:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Heusner
51 West Buffalo Road
Churchville, New York

Then she put me in the mailbox.

Soon the mailman came and put me in his bag. Then he started to throw more letters in. I would be ruined! My lace started to fall off and all my satin was being torn. Then I heard a door bang. I knew we must be in the postoffice. Then I went through an awful machine! It stamped an awful purple mark on me. I started to sob and sigh. I started to cry harder. Now my satin was all faded; now all my lace

was gone. Then I was put in that stuffy, smelly old bag. I heard the door bang again. I knew we were out of the postoffice.

Pretty soon the mailman stopped, and gave me to an old lady who had just stepped out of her house. I was crumpled and torn and everything else. I felt ashamed to be opened by the neat looking little old lady in the condition I was. When she opened me she started to sob, because I was from her grand-daughter, Mary. She took me into the house and showed me to Mary's grandfather. He took his pipe out of his mouth and smiled broadly. They set me on the table. Then a neighbor came in and admired me. She said, "My what a beautiful valentine. Who is it from?"

"My grand-daughter, Mary."

After a few days, she put me in a lovely smelling scrapbook with lots of other valentines. The lace was all yellow, but I didn't care, because they said nice things.

Elizabeth Lucas, Grade 4

WINTER IS HERE

Winter is here!
The trees are bare,
The ponds are frozen,
The hills covered over
With white bright snow.

Sledding is fun,
Skating is merry.
Your cheeks and nose
Get red as a cherry.
It's a good time of year,
Winter is here!

Zenaida Benedicto, Grade 5

OUR NEW SNOWMAN

Our new Snowman
Is a big fat man.
He has two button eyes
And a bright yellow tie,
With a carrot for his nose.
On his head our little Snowman
Wears a big coffee can.
Four big buttons on his
Cold snowy vest
Make our new Snowman
Look his very best.

Sandra Hawks, Grade 5

BUNNY RABBIT'S MISCHIEF

Mrs. Rabbit said, "I wonder when our baby rabbits will be born!" She had said this many times, but Mr. Rabbit had always said they would be born soon. An hour passed and the babies were born. Mrs. Rabbit named them Flipsie, Flapsie, Flepsie, Flopsie, Flupsie, and Bunny Rabbit.

When they were older they went out to get lettuce, cabbage, and carrots. All of them were obedient except one. He never minded his mother. Once a fox almost caught him. Another time he almost got shot. One Christmas he tore up all his books and broke his toys. One Easter he made chalk eggs. He fooled everyone. His mother and father got mad at him.

His mother said, "Why can't you be good?"

He answered, "Well, I guess I should, but it's April Fool's Day. I should be eligible to play tricks."

"Maybe you think it's all right, but we think it is a very nasty thing to do," his mother answered.

Again and again he did these things. But one day he found one of his chalk eggs. Not knowing it was his, he ate it. He became very sick and was in great pain.

When the doctor came, he gave him a prescription and Bunny Rabbit got better.

After that he was never naughty.

Emily Watson, Grade 6

MY COUNTRY

I love the meadows wide,
I love the country side,
I love the flowers bright,
And the glowing evening light.
The trees are all so tall and big,
The flowers, Oh! so small.
The grass is green and shining,
The Goldenrod so tall.
My country is so beautiful,
With happiness and light.
I wish that not one person would ever, ever fight.

Lyda Hersloff, Grade 6

AN EXCITING DAY

It was a beautiful day! I walked along happily beside my two friends. We were going to "the Ledges." The Ledges were flat smooth rocks covered with many different kinds of lichen.

We turned in at the numbered telephone pole which was our landmark. Here we could distinguish a hidden path only a few nature lovers followed. The going was quite steep because our goal was the highest part of "the Ledges." Wintergreen covered the first part of the way but soon faded out when we left the shelter of the trees. Now we were directly under the hot rays of the sun which beat down on us joyfully. My friend suddenly disappeared for a moment and came back looking very happy. She had found corema, a type of juniper, growing all over the rocks.

Continuing on our way, we found a stretch of rocks which were teeming with salaginella rupestris, one of the oldest plants on earth: in fact the plant which survived the Ice Age. We were steadily going higher and higher and soon we came to the highest part of all. Looking down we could see for miles and miles; the ocean, the river, and the inlands. We started toward the place where the lichen grew thickest. Now we heard the crunch of the dry lichen under our feet. It was really beautiful to see the rocks colored gray lichen, green lichen, and many other

soft colors. We discovered a very peaceful looking place under some pine trees. Here we rested our weary feet. Back of the trees, I spotted a very inviting green thicket. I went back there thinking how nice it would be if I found a rare moss. We had been talking about rare mosses on this trip. I fought through some brush and there I was! My eyes instinctively fell to the ground. Suddenly . . .! What was that? I couldn't believe my eyes. I hastily gathered the specimen and hurried back to my friends who said it was a coral mushroom. How happy I was! I dashed back hoping to find some more. In my eagerness, I went further back in the thicket. On the ground was a curious kind of moss which I had never seen before. I took some of it to my friend. She said it was quite a rare moss. Its name was webera sissilis. We decided to explore the thicket very carefully. We found more webera sissilis and also one lone Indian pipe growing right in the middle of a decaying stump.

Regretfully we started back, our baskets full of specimens. But another surprise was in store for us. We took a different route from our first and all the way back huckleberry bushes with huge berries dotted the trail. Out of a piece of paper from my friend's sketch pad, we made a crude basket and picked some of the luscious fruit to take home. The life of a naturalist is a full and lovely one in Maine's wilderness.

Carol Doyle, Grade 7

TRAVELS OF A NICKEL

After I was made I was put in a cash register. That's where I met my first friends, mostly dimes and pennies. Then one day I was chosen for change for an older lady. She said, "A fifty-seven penny a."

I don't quite know what the extra "a" was for, but since I don't know any thing but English I guess I couldn't do a thing about it.

Soon I was put in another cash register. That night while I was resting peacefully, glad the day was over, I heard a bang on the door and somebody broke in, and picked us up. The only penny in the crowd said, "Now for some excitement!"

Wouldn't you know it would come from something as cheap as a penny? Oh well, it's just their nature. We heard a door bang and we were quickly rushed to a very dark room, maybe the cellar. That's where I fell out, the only one, just my luck. I was down there for a while and somebody came down the stairs. I was picked up and carried upstairs by a little girl; that I found out after the lights were on.

Later that evening a police car came and the officer asked if she or any one else in the house had found any clues that somebody might have been there. She told him that she had been in the cellar and swept, and a little later when she went down she found a nickel on the floor. I was soon in the policeman's hand. I was taken to a large office building where I was examined and rexamined. I was kept in a dark box that night. The next day a man came by and picked me up with several others. That afternoon I was placed in a glass case at a museum with some quarters. Our plaque said, "Stolen by an outlaw." I forget the name of the outlaw because I only had one chance to read it before I was put in here.

Soon all the quarters began to talk about me being so cheap. Then I remembered how unkind I had been to the penny, and I promised myself I would never do that again. I hope I've learned my lesson and that you have learned yours, too.

Heidi Hollenbach, Grade 7

WINTER FUN

It's lots of fun in winter time
When snow is on the ground.
With skis and sleds up hills we climb,
Then tumble down with a bound.

We bundle up from head to toe
To keep the cold wind out.
We jump and frolic in the snow
And run around and shout.

On the ice we like to skate,
Some of us slip and fall,
It's fun to try a figure eight,
We make them large and small.

Building high snowforts is good sport too,
And throwing snowballs is fun.
It's jolly in winter with so much to do
And we're sorry when the day is done.

Kitty Wells, Grade 7

THE OLD CHURCH SPIRE

In a woods behind a little village there is an old church. This church had many services held in it, but now it is abandoned. At night, if you look carefully, you can see a light in the church spire. Many people in the village say it is the "Light of the Dead," but then again the nonsuperstitious ones say it is just a reflection of the moon. Long ago a legend was told about the old church. It goes something like this.

Long ago, an old man, lived in the old church spire. It was said that the old man would light a candle when the sun set, and he would blow it out at day break. As the old man went up one stormy night to light the candle, the wind blew him off the church spire. Before he fell, the match touched the candle and the candle lighted. From then on the candle has been lighted. That is why so many people thought it was the "Light of the Dead."

Molly Adams, Grade 7

WINTER

I see a dazzling coat of white,
Glistening brightly in the light.
Everywhere that I can see,
Covering every house and tree.

Icicles hanging long and round,
Snowmen lying on the ground,
Frosty windows, bitter winds,
Blowing snow that 'round me spins.

Inside, a fire that brightly glows,
Children warming frozen toes,
Laughter, song, and jolly mirth—
All are celebrating the Christ Child's birth.

Many sports through winter days:
Skating, skiing, and even sleighs,
As you can see, and I'm sure you will,
Winter contains many a thrill.

Jane Hansford, Grade 7

ALONE ONCE MORE

It was one of those very busy and industrious days at the farm. We all had jobs to do with directions on how to do them quickly. I liked living on the farm. It was the only sort of home I remembered. My mother and father had been killed in an automobile accident, and I had been the only one alive after that dreadful event. At first when I was at the orphanage I would get awfully lonely and wish that I had died with my parents. About five when I went to the orphanage, I had stayed there nine years. Each year it would seem that all my friends and all the babies got adopted. Fortunately one day some people came to adopt a boy for a brother and a companion for their son who was crippled. I didn't want to go exactly because I thought it would be dull. But when I found out they had a farm located in a quiet little valley, I wanted to go.

Jerry was their son. He seemed very nice at first, not at all the way I had expected he might be. But after a few weeks, we became very much aware of each other. He thought I was stealing his parents' love and I thought he was acting too protected. I didn't realize it at first, but after a while I knew that he was stealing things and saying I stole them, and he also broke and upset things. I didn't say anything about it because I thought he would get over it soon.

One day Jerry went too far when he let three of his father's best stallions loose and said I did it. I went up and told Mr. Barnsby just what had been going on. For some reason or other, he didn't believe me and punished me by making me sleep in the barn for a week.

So that night I went over to the barn. It was one of those cold October days and the night was twice as cold, and I had only one blanket. Sleeping in the barn was terrible because Jake, the hired-hand, apparently hadn't cleaned the barn in three weeks. I didn't get to sleep until 4:30 and I awoke at 6:00.

That morning I was instructed to take Jerry on a hike. It was my turn to choose where we were supposed to go; so I said up to an old mine shaft near the top of the valley.

We made fast time that day and were there in two hours. We didn't eat lunch when we got there because Jerry wanted to explore the old mine shaft right away. We couldn't go in it because it was about to fall down, so I suggested we go to the top of the hill and look down on the farm.

We soon made it to the top. Jerry, being very fussy about things, wanted to go out on the ledge. I slowly wheeled him out on the ledge being very reluctant to go. There were about three yards to go on the ledge. Jerry insisted we go out at least two yards so we could see everything. As I was wheeling him out, the wheelchair must have hit a stone and tipped over, sending Jerry flying through the air. The next minute I saw him sprawled down on the valley below, a sixty-foot fall. I ran as fast as I could to see if he was alive. Luckily he fell in a clump of bushes and was living. An ambulance rushed him to the hospital.

About two weeks passed and Jerry was feeling much better. The doctor had called specialists in, and they all agreed that Jerry would be able to walk again.

In a few more days I am to be sent back to the orphanage. I am to go back because neither Jerry nor his parents know—and sometimes I wonder—whether I pushed him off in my conscious or subconscious mind.

Roberta Deverian, Grade 8

WHISP'RING FIRS

The moon shone down
On the snow-covered ground,
Which glistened, as diamonds in light.
Then I cocked my head and listened,
As the snow shone bright and glistened,
To fir tree, whisp'ring in the night.
All seemed quiet,

All was still,
And yet, in that dark, cold night,
There was still some sound
To break the world of silence bound,
It was fir trees, whisp'ring at night.

Holly Mae Bennett, Grade 9

JOHNNY

Hi, my name is Johnny, Johnny Baxter. I am ten years old. I have been a cripple since I was five years old. I have been in a wheelchair as a result of a car crash in which my father lost his life. I live on Clark Street in Albany, New York, with my mother and three sisters. Mom works every day while Mary, Kris, and Cheryl are in school. A nice old lady named Mrs. Regan stays with me all day. A so-called teacher comes every day for four hours and teaches me schoolwork. Mr. Brown is nice, but he gets mad at me once in a while.

Almost every day, after the public school is recessed, my friends come to see me. There are Mike, Tommy, Jimmy, Fred and all the gang. They tell jokes and play with me. In the spring I go to the ballfield in my wheelchair and keep score for the gang. I go to their basketball games, too, and help to keep score.

On Sundays I am unable to go to church, but I listen to a service on the radio. Our minister comes to see me once a week. I always look forward to his visits, for we are good friends. We talk over all our

problems with each other. He has given me the spirit and courage by which to live.

My name is Johnny, Johnny Baxter. I am a boy who does not have time to feel sorry for himself. I face every new day with a smile and thank the Lord I am alive. This is my way of life, and I love every minute of it.

Catherine Cobb, Grade 9

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

Dear Lord,
I thank thee for each cool breeze,
For each ray of sunlight,
Each flower, each tree,
For each burst of spring,
For each new day,
For the right to worship in my own way,
For love of friends and family,
For life itself, and for liberty.
Dear Lord, I thank thee in every way
For the happiness granted me each day.

Ruth Levy, Grade 9

FRUSTRATION

Elusive answer—teasing me—
Why do you haunt my brain? In glee
You flirt with nod and wink,
Instructing me that I don't think!

The hour is late, the house at rest;
My unleashed thoughts have lost their zest.
I write, I scratch, and then erase;
I now espy your beaming face.

O simple answer, can it be
You were conceived to worry me?
Your hidden hints seem sharply keen
Since "a" plus "b" equates thirteen.

Jane Fisher, Grade 10

THE PROPHET

As the Assyrian chariots clattered away into the distance, hungray flames licked up the walls of the dried brick houses and buildings. They poked quivering tongues into windows and open doorways, charring everthing in their wake. Fortified walls, now smashed to crumbling ruin by heavy battering-rams, reflected only the devastation inflicted by hateful hearts. Twisted and crushed bodies lay in the roads where heedless chariot wheels had struck them only a few minutes ago. Loved ones huddled over these dead as though trying to wake them from the eternal sleep. People trapped under stone or by fire cried out for help that never came. Wails of frightened children, separated from fear-crazed parents, augmented the rising din in the fiery city. Many had raced to the river when the invaders had been sighted, knowing full well the aftermath of an Assyrian visit. Those who hadn't quite reached it lay moribund, with hands outstretched toward the deep crimson waters.

Sarnibal clucked to the sweating horses, urging them on to a faster gait. He couldn't lag in the Assyrian army; no one could. Pairing up with an officer's chariot, he could not help noticing the cruel smile that cut the soldier's face. Following his gaze, Sarnibal saw the fiery plume of the city grow and then slowly diminish near its top where the darkness of the night tried to soothe the wound. Shivers raced up and down his spine. Back in the city he had felt as though every flame, every stone, and every spear had pierced his body as each man was cut down by the Assyrians. They hadn't a chance. It was a slaughter house where pigs and cattle were butchered. It was like this on every raid, burning and pillaging. Once again he looked over at the officer, seeing only hatred and a yen to destroy. He reminded Sarnibal of the ferocious lions attacking a bull in the carving on the walls of the temple in Nineveh. Sarnibal tried to tell himself he should be savage and hateful. After all, wasn't he, too, an Assyrian soldier? Indeed he was in body, but not in mind and soul.

He remembered well that day he had been taken into Sennacherib's service. The farm was peaceful as it had always been, with the kine chewing contentedly on sweet-smelling hay as they always had. The morning had a fall sharpness that had made his face tingle, and the waving grassland had glistened with tears of dew. His family had waved good-bye as he had marched away. They were good and kind and hard-working. These things seemed all the dearer to him now.

He hated battles, for they had no sound reason for existing. Why did Sennacherib need more teritory? Couldn't he be contented with the kingdom he had? Why was he power-hungry? Wasn't peace the most valuable asset to the country? As these things raced through his mind, a plan slowly began to take form. He would speak to the soldiers, tell them how wrong Sennacherib was, how wrong they were, and how terribly wrong these raids were. Sarnibal had heard of the Hebrew prophets who wandered from village to village, preaching their beliefs. He would preach his beliefs, too, going from soldier to soldier.

His mind was swiftly brought back to the horses when one of the chariot wheels hit a deep rut. The officer looked over, staring at him for a moment as though he had been reading Sarnibal's thoughts all the time. Almost involuntarily, as if to avoid the icy gaze, Sarnibal pulled up on his horses, dropping behind. For some time he watched the fuzzy clouds of the horses' breath swell and then melt into the night air as they galloped over the grasslands.

* * * *

The dungeon was damp, cold, and filthy. The high, dank ceiling and the slime-covered walls enveloped him. The small hole in one side of the cell was a poor excuse for a window, and even less comforting. Everybody had laughed at his ideas. He had tried and tried to make them believe, but they had laughed. Then they didn't laugh; they grew concerned. He had been taken to Sennacherib himself. Now he was here condemned to die as a traitor to his country.

Carla Hyndman, Grade 10

THE CHRISTMAS IN MY HEART

The most joyous time of the year is Christmas. It is a time when the souls of men are at peace, and people all over the world are in some way sharing with each other the happiness of opening their hearts with kindness and love toward all men.

Our family celebrates Christmas in a special way. Our home "Secol" near the small town of Pultneyville on Lake Ontario is my winter paradise. The evergreens, which surround our property, with each limb wearing a coverlet of snow, sway gracefully back and forth in the sharp winter's breeze. A magnificent blanket of white covers the once green lawn putting each tiny rose of my mother's flower garden to sleep. The old elms, as black as coal, naked of their green leaves and dressed in white, spear into the bright blue sky. The beautiful blue lake lies placidly off our shore with little doughnuts of ice bobbing up and down between the ripples and frequently a few ducks floating by the shore. Over this scene comes an almost frightful stillness and a sense of complete peace, as each crystal flake falls softly into its place burying each flake upon which it falls.

The strings of bread and popcorn for the snow birds are lying in the small evergreen bushes by the main entrance, and the wrought iron stand is filled with wood. My father's ten pointer has been hung in its place in the hall and decorated with a red nose and a strand of red beads. The wreath with a red bow hangs on the door, and Mother has put her Christmas scroll up in the entry hall. She is dessed in her bright Christmas skirt and blouse, and all around the house have been placed Christmas decorations, each one adding to the luster of the season. The bookshelves in the library are covered with cards that have given us extra joy.

In the living room the fire is sparkling as its yellow, red, and blue flames wave upward from the logs. Mickey has taken her favorite spot in front of the hearth, upon which she has put her two front paws, and glances up at the brass star with its little candle shining and sending off its golden rays. The blue spruce sending a pungent fragrance through the room glistens as it stands erect and proud. The lights, some of which Mother and Daddy had on their first Christmas together, are all burning, and the balls and tinsel icicles hang gently around the tree. The tinsel star, bright in its correct place, is turned towards the angels on the piano and provides the finishing touch to a beautiful decoration, which takes my breath away when I gaze at it.

It is Christmas Eve and everyone has "hung their stockings by the chimney with care in hopes that Saint Nicholas soon will be there." Together we listen to "The Bird's Christmas Carol," sing Christmas hymns, and set a lunch out for Santa before the children are tucked into their beds. We still have lots to do. As we play Santa Claus, we return to childhood. We set the toys in the chairs by the fireplace and put the last gifts under the tree. Then Daddy and I take our Christmas Eve round of delivering gifts to our friends.

After stopping at each house to talk and have some Christmas fun, we usually get home just in time to leave for the beautiful candlelight service at St. Paul's Church. As Dr. Cadigan conducts the service and the choruses sing the familiar Christmas carols in the candle-light and the evergreen arrangements, simple but effective, I am able to understand more clearly why the Savior Christ was sent to this earth. I become more thankful each Christmas season for the radiant beauty of the world, for the peace in men's souls, and for the joy and happiness within my own heart.

Carol Lockley, Grade 10

HIM

I watched him as he went up, over, around, under; and wondered, "How can he know where to go next?" It was obvious that he did know, though, and his work was nature perfect. When he was finished, however, I knew that his hours of intricate designing would be ruthlessly torn to the ground and the miniature artist's life carelessly ended. Still, he seemed not to be worried about that as he worked in the corner of the ancient porch.

He had started many minutes before I had become curious and commenced watching. Beginning in one corner, he went up, pulling each silken cord tight as he went. As he worked around in the circle, each thread of his design caught the sun's early morning gleam and threw from itself a rainbow of color.

He rested then, walking around and looking over his morning's work, and I knew that I must leave him for a while and go to my own.

It was evening before I thought of the busy worker on the porch and decided to see what he was doing.

When I arrived, I saw that tragedy had befallen him. During the day, someone, who had looked but not seen, had spied nature's small artisan and had brutally and unmercifully ended his time of being. Fragments of his life's labor, now dirty and unsightly, little resembling the beautiful art it once was, were strewn helter-skelter across the porch. The yellow spider and his web were but simple memories.

Anne Coker, Grade 11

MY HAPPINESS

It was a rather gloomy day, and I suppose I felt tired and cross. My homework seemed endless and I just didn't see any point in working. I guess it was just one of those days that you can't see much point to anything. Suddenly I closed my books and started thinking of the more pleasant side of life and the happiness of living.

I had so much to be thankful for! The family atmosphere in which I lived was enlightening, rich, and happy. It was here that I found the depth of understanding, the love, and the willingness to help—all those things that make a family so needed. I suddenly remembered a cold winter day when I had gone skating with a friend. As I returned home at dusk, thoroughly frozen, I saw the friendly twinkle of the lights and I felt protected. When I walked in, shaking off the cold snow, I saw a cheerful fire crack-

ling in the fireplace, and on the hearth my dog peacefully listening to the family conversation. The smell of good food was floating from the kitchen. I felt happy and suddenly thankful for the goodness of home with its forever warm welcome.

I then recalled another day when a trivial argument had irritated me. It was a hot day in the summer. I felt cross and tired, perhaps because of the terrific humidity. After dinner I walked out of the house slamming the door loudly behind me. This unnecessary noise seemed to satisfy me. The heavy humidity, however, had disappeared and a mild breeze was blowing gently through the trees. As I climbed the hill behind the house, I saw an inviting patch of grass under a spreading cherry tree. It appeared a perfect place to stop to think things over. The breeze blew refreshingly through my hair, the birds were chirping gaily; and as I sat in the warm sunset, I suddenly felt at ease.

I shut my eyes and saw the sun rising in the other hemisphere upon an unfamiliar world. I thought of those unknown people. Did they have happy families as I did? or were they hungry, sad, and disappointed? These questions made me thankful for the rich and happy world surrounding and enriching my life. Quickly I realized how silly I had been; and as the sunset faded behind the surrounding woods, I began my walk home with a quick and lively step.

As I concluded the thoughts of my different experiences and their significance, I caught sight of the books lying on the bed, and I realized what an opportunity lay ahead of me in education. Enthusiasm initiative, and achievement were the words which flashed through my mind, I thought of college and I was again grateful for the opportunities and privileges which were mine.

After I had pondered over all those things which contribute to a full and valuable life, I arranged them under three headings in my mind: the family atmosphere, the opportunities for education, and a happy and peaceful land. Whenever I was angry or disappointed, I would remember these things engraved deeply in my mind. I was sure that I would feel fortunate and happy.

As I lay in bed that night still thinking of those inspiring ideas, I suddenly sat up, realizing that I had forgotten the most important thing of all. Smiling in the dark, I snuggled down in my covers and whispered to my dog, "And isn't it wonderful to be able to say, 'Let Us Pray'?"

Jane Swan, Grade 11

YOSEMITE

To get to Yosemite, we had to drive through the mountains down into the great valley. As we drove along the winding mountain passes, we began to glimpse the type of scenery that we would be seeing for the next few days, huge mountains and very small people.

When we reached the valley, we followed a river into the heart of Yosemite National Park. Each turn of the road brought new and exciting scenes to our eyes. Now and then the river beside us would crash and swell over the boulders or gracefully flow over a ledge. The water, crystal clear, sparkled in the late afternoon sun. It seemed to be talking to us as we rolled on, side by side. The mountains rose all around us, and the pine-scented air was clear and invigorating.

That evening we watched the fire falls over Glacier Point. Each night, at nine thirty, there is an Indian call to Camp Curry; and then glowing coals, from a special kind of bark which has been burned for several hours, are pushed off the point. The coals cascaded down the mountain side like a stream of fire flies.

The next morning we ate breakfast on the terrace, near a large clearing carpeted with lovely pastel wild flowers. Again we watched the mighty Yosemite Falls, this time in the distance, flowing steadily in the early morning sun.

Armed with box lunches and cameras, later we started off on a tour of the park. We went by bus far up into the land of the "giants," sequoia trees, believed to be thousands of years old. Because many of them bear the scars of forest fires and even when they fall sometimes keep their green foliage almost a year, they seem indestructible. Their bright copper color, even brighter than the redwood trees, looked almost as though someone went out every morning just to polish them.

After luncheon, we headed towards the other side of the valley, on my way stopping at Inspiration Point, almost on the valley floor. One can see down the length of the great valley, and it looks as though the mountains parted to let the river through.

Then, as we climbed higher and higher, we got a glimpse of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which lie between Yosemite and the Pacific Ocean. Finally, when we reached Glacier Point, Yosemite lay before us as we stood high above the valley floor. The Merced River, which flows through the valley, was merely a tiny bright green ribbon, carefully laid down the center. There were Vernal and Nevada Falls, flowing peacefully; El Capitan, a solid cubic mile of rock, standing majestically, as if to guard its kingdom; and to the right, Half Dome, which people believe was once a complete dome. We stood and looked at the wondrous scenery while some fleecy white clouds came over the mountains as if to perform for the cameras.

Coming back down the mountain, we stopped to see Bridal Veil Falls. There was a lovely rainbow on the falls, and the wind sent the water rocketing and cascading from one side to the other. The water made a delicate, lacy pattern, just like a bride's veil.

When, at last, we had to leave Yosemite, we decided that we had made only a dent in seeing all of it. Our bus driver had told us that he and his family had lived in the park for twenty years, and they hadn't yet run out of new camping sites. We hoped that someday we could return, perhaps in a different season, and continue our tour of Yosemite.

Suzanne Jones, Grade 11

THE RETURN

Softly, as though afraid to wake the spirits of yesterday, I closed the car door. A strange force which had brought me to this silent place was pulling me down the path to the swimming pool. Slowly I treaded my way along until I reached the same brick fence that had surrounded the pool years ago. I leaned on the rough stone; gazed nostalgically into the dark, silent water; and lost myself in a world of beautiful memories.

Then, I had been sitting by the pool. Suddenly I was catapulted into the icy water. I came up irate, but the anger didn't last—Jerry was too handsome and his smile too disarming. I made a grimace at him and then laughed. He jumped in, almost on top of me, and began throwing our rubber ball at me. Then started another bout of keep-away. As always, the game ended when I pulled my waterlogged self out of the pool and sat, panting, on the edge, while he cavorted around, showing off for my admiring eyes.

I lifted my head to let my eyes wander down the path to the woods and the lake. Jerry and I had walked down there many times, but the walk we took on the night of the club dance was the only unforgetable one.

The night was nearly perfect. The pleasantly warm breeze was playing a lullaby through the trees. The sky was a roof of deep purple velvet, and on that purple were dotted diamonds that sparkled and shone as Jerry and I passed by. A pale crescent rocked just over our heads. When we looked up, it seemed to make a stately bow to us alone. The sounds of the lake were soothing. The water, with a steady, melodious beat, lapped gently at the sandy shore. The crickets and the frogs were rehearsing romantic mood music. We listened carefully and could hear the swans gliding slowly along. The night was warm; the sounds and sights were lovely; and we were young and in love. Jerry took my hand and turned me toward him. We shared a kiss, not our first, not our last, simply a moment of bliss that promised eternal love.

The forlorn whistle of a train rushing by and into the darkness shook me from my reverie. Those days were gone; that love was gone; but more days and more loves had come to fill the void. The moon over head suddenly broke through the clouds and bathed the world in its splendor. No longer melancholy, I turned and, with a light heart, walked away.

Eleonore Hanson, Grade 12

PROFILE OF A FRIEND

As I sat gazing intently out my window, my eyes rested upon a small brown structure held high off the ground by a sturdy pole. Little creatures, looking like Confederate soldiers in their blue-gray uniforms, darted in and out of the aperture of the minute building. Each member of the army of chickadees flew straight to the bird feeder, hesitated a moment while looking furtively to either side, quickly popped in and out of the feeder, and scurried away with his treasure.

While contemplating on the bird feeding station, my thoughts turned to its builder, who, so lovingly, had built many others before it. Although retired now, Mr. Cather was the chief power engineer at Eastman Kodak Company. This job, which involves the heating of the plant, requires precision because the delicate film is harmed if the conditions are not perfect. This scientific exactness has been carried over into other phases of his life.

In the heart of this wonderful older man, there is a great affection for the little feathered creatures which add so much color to nature. He has built many bird houses and bird feeders, each one closer to perfection than the previous model. In his latest edition of a bird feeder, a steeply slanted metal roof and a metal cone underneath make the feeder inaccessible to squirrels. The steel pole on which it rests, like the feeder, is painted brown—a color not foreign to the birds. A "bopper" on the feeder discourages unwelcome birds, like the sparrow. The device is worked from inside the house. When the enemy appears at the opening, a string is raised which will lower the bopper, thus hitting the back of the unfortunate intruder. The sparrow never reappears, and neither do his friends to whom he has told the sad tale.

A heated fountain has also been designed and built by Mr. Cather. When the temperature outside is below the freezing point, a light bulb underneath the fountain is turned on, thus generating enough heat to prevent the water from becoming ice. The birds can take their baths in the coldest of weather, thanks to a fine friend.

For Mr. Cather, the world is full of chickadees of all sizes. Two of a relatively large magnitude have been added to this classification. My mother has become "Mama Chickadee"; and her daughter, "Little Chickadee."

A champion at bridge, Mr. Cather invariably goes home with the first prize in his hand. Effortlessly, he wins the tricks with a mischievous twinkle in his eye saying, "Aha, you'd better watch out!" Truly a Mr. Fix-it man, he can do anything from mouse-proofing a cottage to making a shark fin for a costume party.

"Yes," I thought, as I continued to watch the chickadees, "Mr. Cather certainly has shown himself a fine and remarkable man.

Margaret Crofton, Grade 12

SOCIAL SERVICE PROJECTS



Playground equipment we helped Aileen Roat School buy



Grade 4 lunch hour, Aileen Roat School



Grade 5, Window Rock, studies science



Teen-age Lee Kyung Ja of South Korea—one of our two foster children



Flag Raising opens school at Window Rock



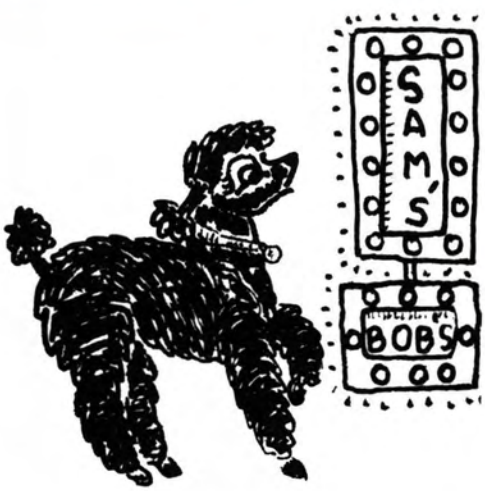
Sports at Aileen Roat



Window Rock boys

Columbia girls this year have enjoyed letters and pictures from our two Indian classes—Grade 4 at Aileen Roat School, Gallup, New Mexico, taught by Miss Elizabeth Schmalz; and Part of Grade 5 at Window Rock School, Fort Defiance, Arizona, taught by Mrs. Martin.





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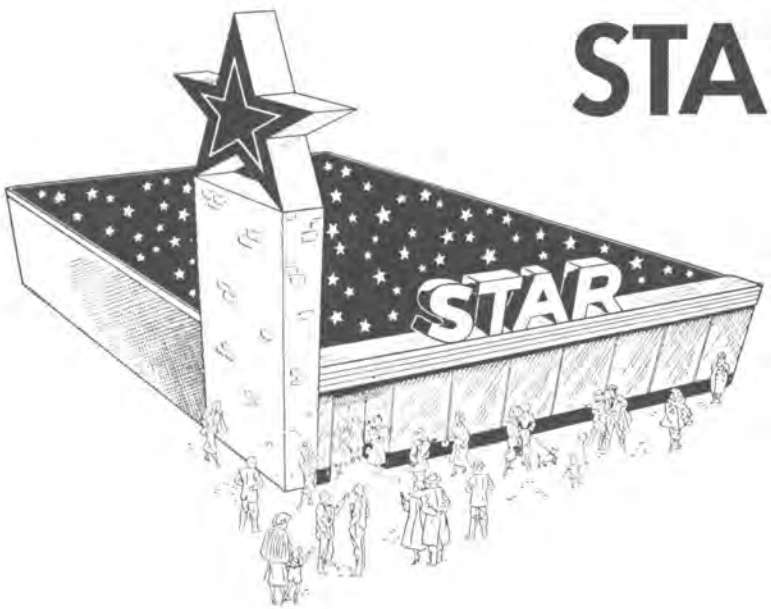


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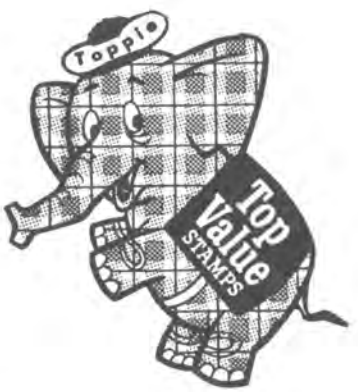
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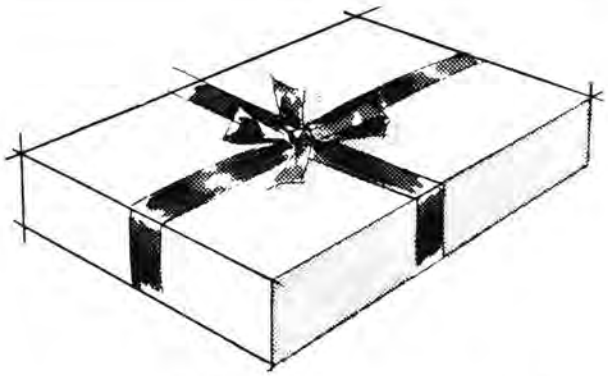
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I hear a secret





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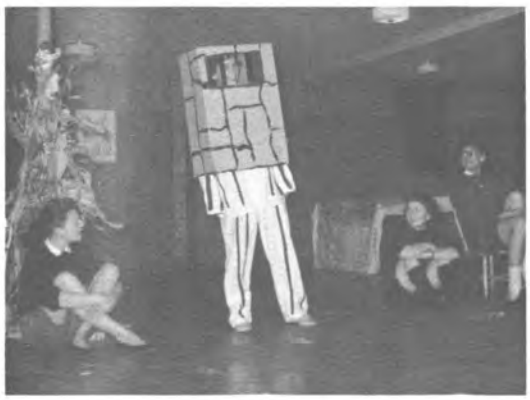
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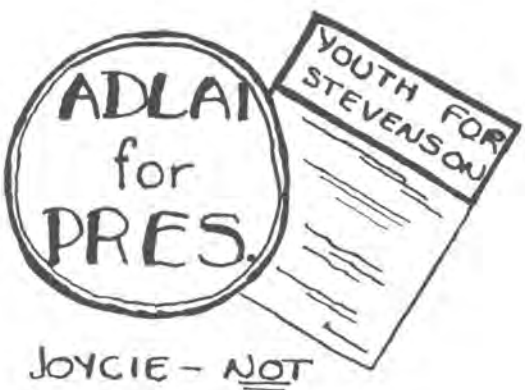
ANYONE SEEN BOO?



LIN- ONE OF YOUR GEMS?



STR
CAUGH



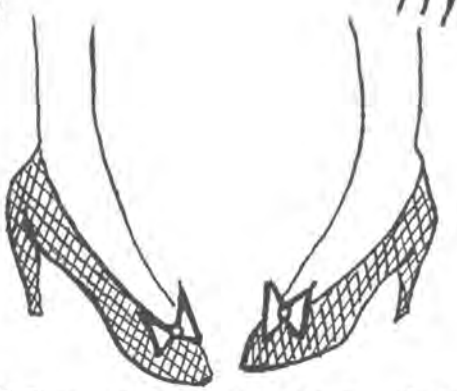
JOYCIE- NOT ROW B!



NANCE- OFF TO THE GAME?



EM- "OU
AMER



ADE- OUR LITTLE PIGEON



TODDY - TOPS IN
OUR SHOW TOO!



TCH -
IN THE ACT!



KAREN -
WORK
PERIOD?



LIL - MUSIC, MUSIC, ALWAYS
MUSIC!



JO ANN - BUT... IT WAS
DIRTY...!!



PIP -
CO-CAPTAIN OF
OUR TEAM!



ANNIE -
NOT A
RED
DRESS!

MARIAN - NOT
REALLY SO
TACITURN!





MISS
ICA"

SALLY - THIS YOUR
SECRET TO THAT
COMPLEXION?







ANZIE -
!

FASTER TICK -
TICK
?



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En masse



Shady Gathering



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Chin Rest



Anyone for glasses?



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What can you say?



Coffeeless break



Holly Day Mood



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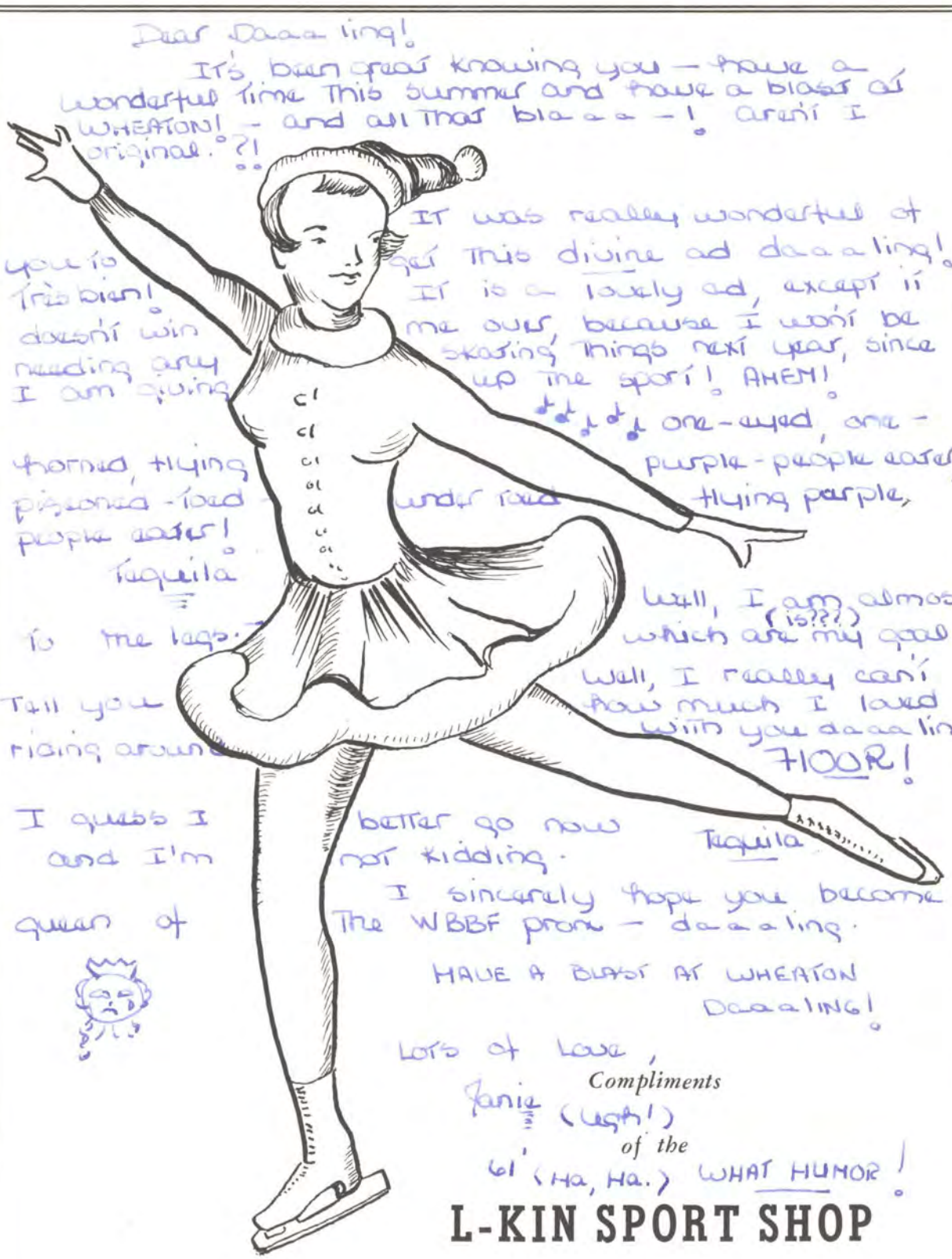
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Dear Daaa ling!
It's been great knowing you – have a wonderful time this summer and have a blast at WHEATON! – and all that bla a a – ! Aren't I original.°?!
IT was really wonderful of you to get this divine ad daa a ling!
It is a lovely ad, except it doesn't win me over, because I won't be skating things next year, since I am giving up the sport! AHEM!
one-eyed, one-horned, flying purple-people eater! Tequila
purple-people eater, flying purple, under toad
to the legs.
Well, I am almost (is???) which are my goal.
Well, I really can't show much I loved you daa a ling! WITH 7100R!
Till you're riding around
I guess I better go now and I'm not kidding.
Tequila
I sincerely hope you become queen of The WBBF prom – daa a ling.
HAVE A BLAST AT WHEATON Daaa ling!
Lots of Love,
Janie (Leigh!)
Compliments of the '61 (Ha, Ha.) WHAT HUMOR!
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Freshmen Incognito



Space Travelers



Avez-vous fini de parler anglais?



Oh-h-h, Santa



Wheel of Fortune



Small Car Full



Cool Clean Shave



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Aw, c'mon



It's in the Bag



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And this, girls . . .



Our Papa Stritch



Quoth the cannibal



Les Penseurs



No, it's strawberry



It's a hard life



Music on the Rocks



Read much?

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CUSTOM
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Since 1840



Eureka!



It's a long, hard day



Webster says . . .



Buddies to the End



If I only had a boat



And then I want . . .



Oh yeah?



Lemme think

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Front Row: C. Cooley, H. Hellebush, S. Golemb, W. Geib, L. Henry, S. McCanne, M. Hyndman, S. Lennox, B. Pease, P. Todd, M. Hodge, J. Cockcroft, M. Allen, J. Kingston, J. Hudson, R. Connor, J. Youngman. Second Row: H. Cohen, P. Newcomb, L. Ringwood, M. Whitaker. Third Row: E. Gleason, M. Huberlie, J. Fisher, H. Royer. Fourth Row: J. Cann, J. Marsland, W. Smith, A. Shepard, E. Brown.

GRADUATES OF 1957

MARY LEE ALLEN
Wellesley College

ELLEN MARY BROWN
Connecticut College For Women

JUDITH BICKFORD CANN
Centenary College

JOAN MARY COCKCROFT
Wellesley College

HELEN LOUISE COHEN
Bryn Mawr College

RUTH ROBINSON CONNOR
Wheaton College

COBINA LOUISE COOLEY
Stephens College

JUDITH EDWARDS FISHER
Smith College

WANDA MARILYN GEIB
Goucher College

EDITH BARBARA GLEASON
Randolph-Macon College For Women

HESTER SCHUYLER HELLEBUSH
Colby Junior College

LINDA LIVINGSTONE HENRY
Beaver College

MARGARET ELIZABETH HODGE
Hiram College

MARY MARGARET HUBERLIE
Skidmore College

JUDITH ANN HUDSON
Denison University

MARTHA ANNE HYNDMAN
Simmons College

JANE-LOUISE KINGSTON
Jackson College in Tufts University

SUE NANCY LENNOX
Skidmore College

JONATHA ALLISON MARSLAND
Cornell University

SUSAN McCANNE
Westminster College

PATRICIA CAROLINE NEWCOMB
University of Miami (Florida)

BETTY MIRIAM PEASE
Elmira College

LYNNE ANITA RINGWOOD
Wilson College

HARRIET KANE ROYER
Vassar College

ADELE ELIZABETH SHEPARD
Syracuse University

WANDA LOU SMITH
College of Wooster

PENELOPE FARLEY TODD
Endicott Junior College

MARGERY ANN WHITAKER
Hood College

JOAN MARIE YOUNGMAN
Skidmore College



Well, Sal — even
if we can't agree on
F.D.R., it's been fun
getting to know you —
in class and out
Very best for
next year —
Miss V.

Dear Sally.

It's been great having you a senior and we'll all miss you next year - you were wonderful in the wash tub - you really should go into the French acting business!

Have a wonderful time at graduation next year -

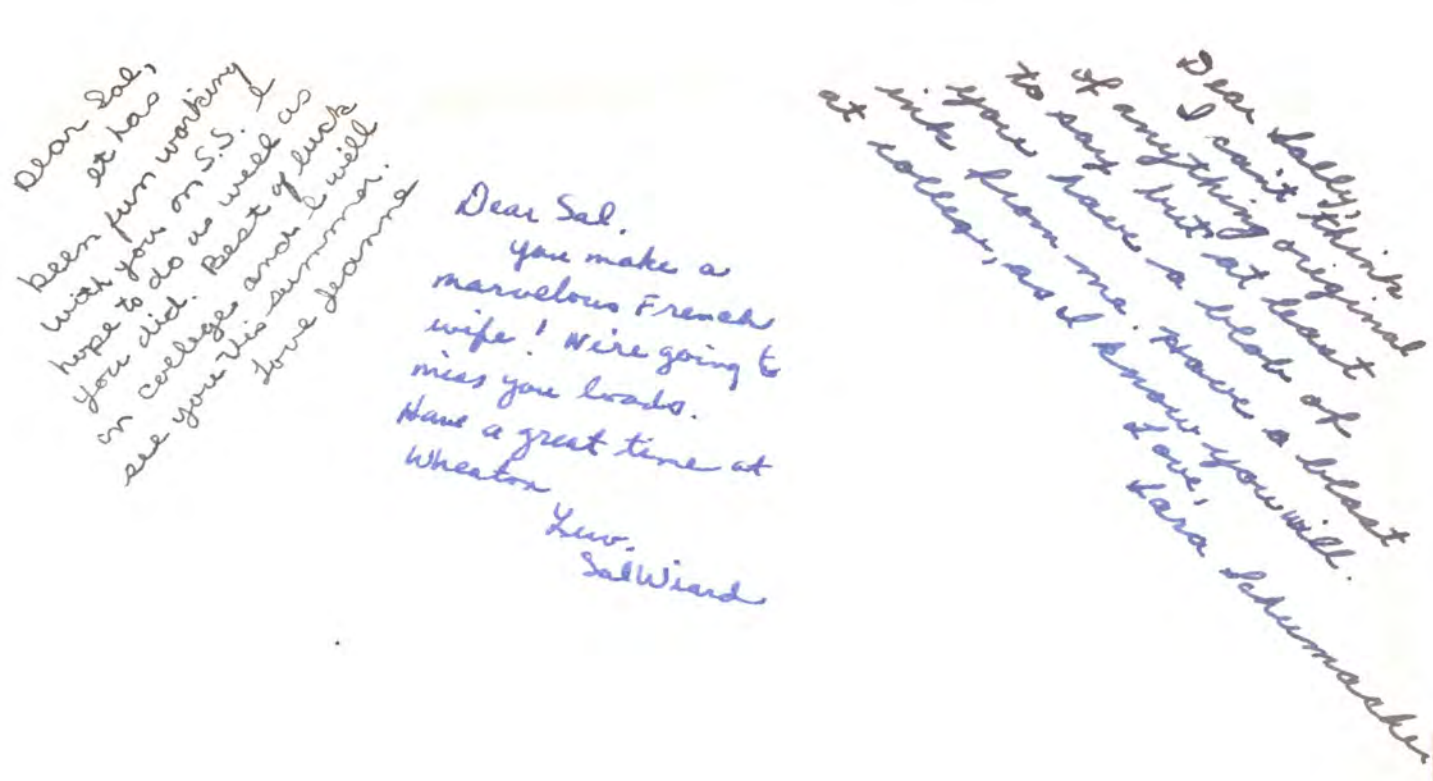
Luv,
Whitney

Dear Sally!
I think you have a great career ahead of you... keep it up!
Good luck at college.
Luv, Sandy

Dear Sally, Become a queen this WBBF Prom. I hope you have a good time at graduation next year!

Love,
Linda

Dear Sally,
It's really been a great year, and I'm glad I'm getting to know you all. Best wishes for success in college -
Love,
Marsha



Dear Sal,
It has been fun working with you on S.S. I hope to do a week as you did. Best of luck in college and I will see you this summer.
Love Deanna

Dear Sal.
You make a marvelous French wife! We're going to miss you loads.
Have a great time at Wheaton
Love.
Sal Wiard

Dear Sally, think of anything original to say but at least you have a look of me. Have a blast at college, and I know you will.
Love,
Kara Schumacher

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